THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1924

CONTENTS

A Week of the World 1

The New Course in France

I. 'Destiny Has Changed Horses' . . . . JOSEPH CAILLAUX 7

II. How Herriot Came Home . . . . . WILLIAM BOLITHO 10

When I Was Tsar . . . . . ALBERT ENGSTRÖM 12

Australia Quizzes Royalty. *A Cartoon* 14

Articles of the Month

The Islands of the Dead. *Convicts of Guiana* . . . A. ROGOZHIN 15

Evacuating Fashoda. *The End of an Incident* GENERAL BARATIER 20

The Modern Greek: Middleman of Culture PAUL JACOBSTHAL 28

Eight Glimpses of the 'Odyssey' . . . . HUGH MACNAGHTEN 35
Vice-Provost of Eton

Charles Lamb and George Dyer . . . . . DUDLEY WRIGHT 44

The Brass Bowl. *A Picaresque Tale from China* RODNEY GILBERT 49

A Page of Verse 63

Life, Letters, and the Arts 64

The Guardsman. *A Theatre Guild Play* . . . . FRANZ MOLNAR 68

The Book of the Month 79

Among Our Authors 82

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

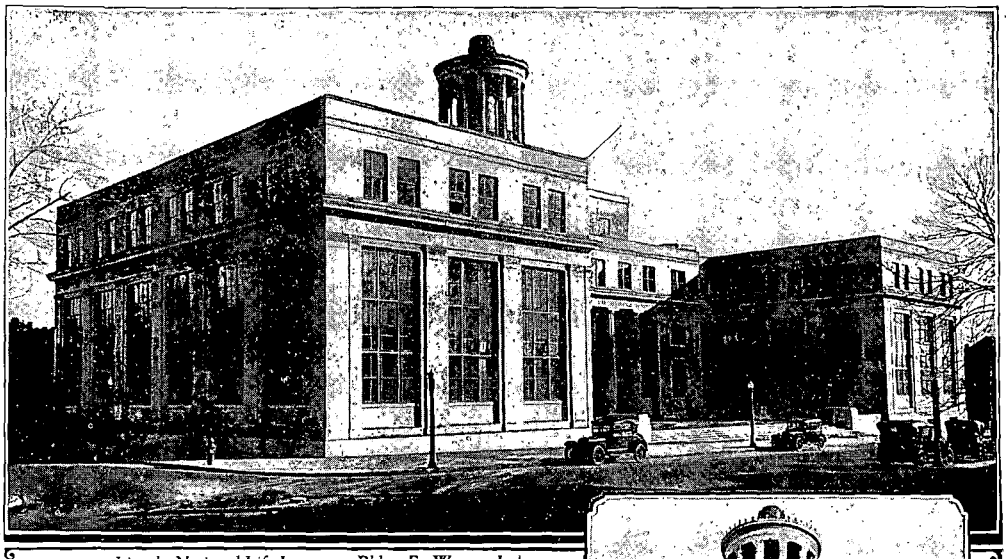
PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

Editorial Office: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N.H.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lincoln National Life Insurance Bldg., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Benjamin Wistar Morris, Architect

Laying Foundations for Future Growth

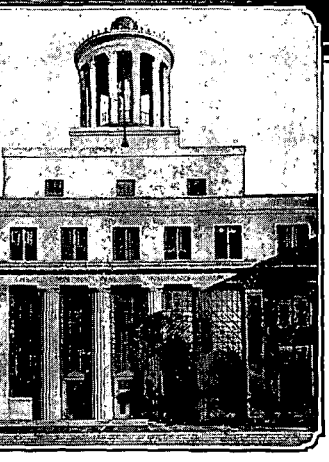
THE Lincoln National Life Insurance Company building in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, which is one of the most complete and beautiful insurance structures in the country, is constructed of Indiana Limestone. It is at present only three stories high, but has foundations for a fifteen-story building.

The wise selection of Indiana Limestone from among other materials assures the owners a building in which there will be no startling contrast between the appearance of the old and new sections when units are added. For the facilities of the Indiana Limestone industry are such that years hence the stone in the present building can be perfectly matched in color and quality for the new addition.

This is just one of the many practical features which attract architects and builders to Indiana Limestone. Its use will, in addition, lessen fire hazard, decrease insurance rates, and make certain a structure of enduring beauty.

The latest addition to the Indiana Limestone library, a booklet showing some of this country's finest Indiana Limestone school buildings, will be sent free upon request.

INDIANA LIMESTONE QUARRYMEN'S ASS'N.
Box 797, Bedford, Indiana
Service Bureaus in New York and Chicago



Detail of Entrance

The Pyramids remain today as permanent evidence that limestone is the world's most enduring building material.

BUILD THE NATION SECURELY WITH

INDIANA LIMESTONE

The NATION'S BUILDING STONE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Books from Crowell

EDISON
AN INTIMATE RECORD

A complete revision of the standard life of the great inventor by FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES. "No more attractive story of an American career has ever been published." —*Chicago Post.* *Profusely illustrated.* $3.00

HAWAII
THE RAINBOW LAND

A delightful new book partly descriptive, partly legendary, which will make the reader want to take the next steamer to these charming isles. By KATHERINE POPE. *Illustrated.* $3.00

SOCIAL USAGE
IN AMERICA

An outstanding book on etiquette for the average, well-bred person. By the well-known Washington authority, MARGARET WADE. $2.00

BLOCKADE AND SEA POWER

Lessons drawn from the World War, on the use and abuse of this powerful international weapon. The author, MAURICE PARMELEE, through his high official connections in Europe had unusual opportunities to study this phase. $3.00

GOLDEN TREASURY

New, enlarged edition of this famous anthology of poetry by F. T. PALGRAVE. The only one with an American section. $1.75

THE LITTLE ALPINE MUSICIAN

A delightful story for children, by JOHANNA SPYRI, author of "Heidi," who has immortalized the children of the Alps. With 8 full-page pictures in color. $1.50

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., *Publishers*, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portrayed Without Prejudice

For almost a year the government of England has been in the hands of a Labor Party.

This experiment in new government by men with a new vision is beginning a fresh chapter in the political history of free peoples.

The Manchester Guardian *Weekly*

is the one medium where the liberal minded person can get the gist of English politics in this most interesting period portrayed with the same spirit of truthfulness and impartiality that has distinguished The Manchester Guardian for more than a hundred years.

The Manchester Guardian Weekly, apart from its discussion of political news, is also a weekly review that keeps the intelligent reader in touch with new developments in literature, music, and the drama.

In short, THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY gives its readers in more than sixty different countries an accuracy of information and a freshness of viewpoint that help them to maintain an intelligent outlook on all vital matters.

Mail Coupon below

GUARDIAN NEWSPAPERS, INC.
220 West 42nd Street
New York City

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to The MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY, to be mailed to me direct from Manchester, England, commencing with the current issue.

Name.....

Address.....

L.A. 10-4-24

JUST PUBLISHED

PRÉCIS WRITING for AMERICAN SCHOOLS

Methods of Summarizing, Abridging and Condensing, with Copious Exercises

EDITED BY SAMUEL THURBER
Newton, Massachusetts, High School

FOREWORD BY CHARLES SWAIN THOMAS
Harvard University

A NEW book, giving a detailed explanation of précis writing and its importance in effective composition instruction. It provides numerous exercises suitable for American schools. These exercises furnish methods for increasing a student's power of mastering thought, and perfecting his skill in making that thought clearly articulate. They include excerpts from the writings of Macaulay, Cardinal Newman, Benjamin Franklin, Thoreau, Ruskin, Scott, Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth, as well as from many contemporary authors, among them Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, Ralph Bergengren, Brander Matthews, Henry van Dyke, and Calvin Coolidge.

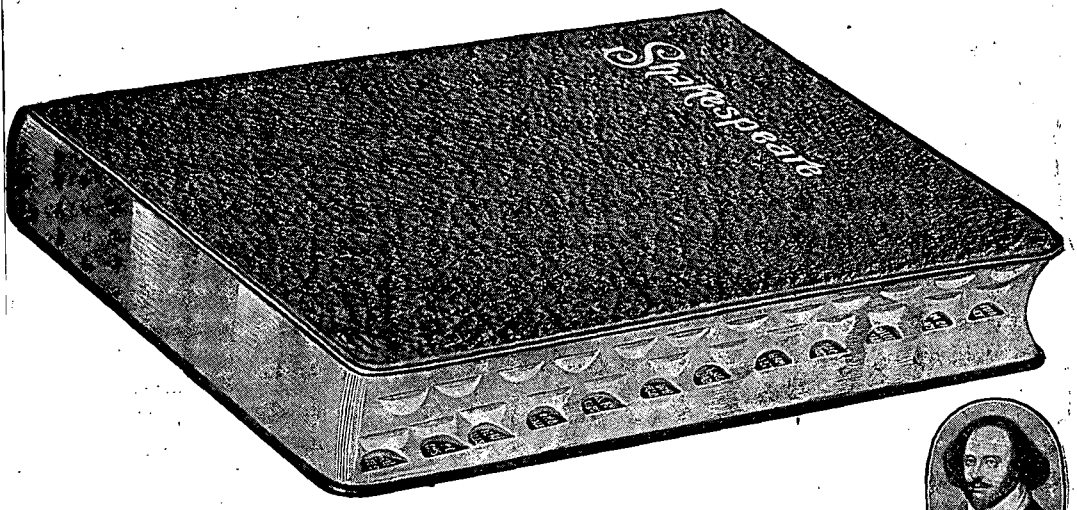
Précis Writing for American Schools is designed to serve schools in this country as many excellent British texts serve the schools in England, where the superior quality of the instruction in composition, the result of their tendency to make thought and content basic, owes much to constant emphasis on *précis* writing.

A necessary book for the college preparatory composition class

Price 90 cents

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS · 8 Arlington Street BOSTON

PRODUCED BY IN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How many pages would you guess this book contains?

IT is less than one inch thick. The average book of the same size contains about 200 pages. This book contains 1,352 pages. *It contains the complete works of Shakespeare.*

Do you wonder that most people find this almost unbelievable? "You don't mean that it contains all of Shakespeare's works!" they exclaim. We assure them that it does. All his plays, all his poems, all his sonnets.

"But they must be extracts, then," they say. No, there are NO extracts. Everything is complete and unabridged, following the exact text, word for word, of one of the three authentic copies of the First Folio in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In addition, there is an index to characters and a complete glossary of 28 pages.

Here, in short, is everything that could be obtained in the ordinary cumbersome set of Shakespeare. And at only a fraction of the cost! The type is NOT small; it is large, clear and easy to read, selected from 550 styles at the famous Press of Oxford University.

What is the secret, then, of this extraordinary volume? It is simply this; *genuine India paper is used.* This remarkable paper is so finely made that it is as light as those rare, handmade papers of the Italians. Yet, it is amazingly strong, white and opaque.

The Achievement of the Oxford University Press

At the famous Oxford University Press of England, fine bookmaking is a cherished tradition. And this is the crowning achievement of centuries. Not only is this a complete Shakespeare library in the most convenient form ever known; it is, besides, a book so beautiful in appearance as to lend distinction to any home. It has a limp, flexible binding, richly grained and deep maroon in color, with gold lettering. The pages are full gold edged on three sides; a thumb index of titles affords ready reference.

Yours to examine, free

No description or picture can do justice to this marvelous volume. So we invite you to accept it without cost or obligation, for a full week's inspection. Simply mail the coupon below. Then after the book arrives decide whether you want to keep it. Return it, if you choose, and the examination will have cost you nothing. But mail the coupon at once, as the books come from England only in limited numbers.

The Plymouth Publishing Company

Dept. 3310 7 West 42nd Street, New York City

The Plymouth Publishing Company

Dept. 3310 7 West 42nd Street, New York City

Gentlemen: With the understanding that no deposit of any kind is required, you may send me on one week's approval, your one volume Oxford edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works, printed in bold-face type on genuine India Paper.

If I agree that it is one of the most remarkable books ever made, I will send you the full cash price of $5.45 plus the few cents postage within one week. If I do not agree, I will return the book at your expense.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three Size Packages

It's Time You Tried BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES

DECIDE today—now—to get prompt relief from your annoying throat irritation by taking Brown's Bronchial Troches—used by prominent speakers and singers for more than 70 years. Not a candy but a *remedy*—safe, reliable, efficient. Contains no opiates or other harmful ingredients.

Relieves sore throat, hoarseness, coughing, loss of voice, bronchial and asthmatic troubles. Clean and convenient to carry in vest pocket or vanity case. Round and brown. Safe, handy, dependable.

At All Druggists

JOHN I. BROWN & SON
Boston, Mass.

General Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. Inc.
New York London Toronto

FOR THROAT IRRITATIONS

The Christmas Gift of a MEDICI PRINT—whether framed or unframed—is a permanent tribute to the good taste of giver and recipient.

THE MEDICI SOCIETY LIMITED

The pictures that you want to hang upon your walls, to live with and to have your children grow up with, are reproduced in

THE MEDICI PRINTS

"THE BEST REPRODUCTIONS OF THE BEST PICTURES"

You have your choice of nearly 300 exact color facsimiles of the

Great Paintings by the Great Masters
from Giotto to Whistler

Send *today* 25 cents (coin) for illustrated catalogue—a valuable survey of six centuries of painting.

You pay no more for a MEDICI PRINT—and you pay as much to *frame* an inferior picture.

The leading art dealers will show you THE MEDICI PRINTS—or we shall be glad to help in your choice of picture and frame, if you will write to us.

The Medici Society of America
Book and Art Publishers
776 Boylston Street, Boston

Publishers also of THE PICTURE GUIDES—*the most beautifully illustrated travel books ever printed. Three now ready:* "The Italian Lakes"; "Grenoble"; "The French Riviera." *200 photogravures in each.* Per volume, $2.50. *Photogravure prospectus free.*

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

By

Edward Elwell Whiting

THIS book contains a story of the President's achievements and a setting forth of his ideals in sufficient fullness to inform those who are curious about what kind of man is now occupying the White House. It is fortunate, at this time, when the country is thinking about the choice of the man who is to be its next President, that this illuminating exposition of the character and ideals of the present occupant of the office is made available to those interested.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Illustrated. $1.50

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR

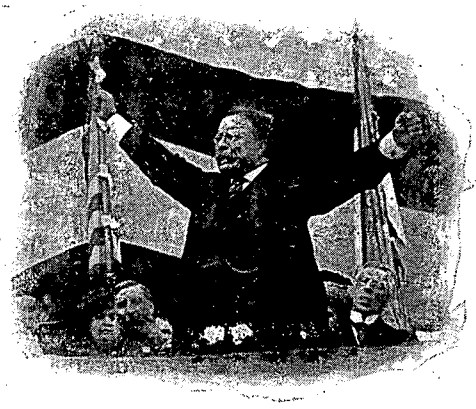
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is the most intimate pen portrait yet written of

"The most dynamic American who ever lived"

—in



The Letters of Archie Butt

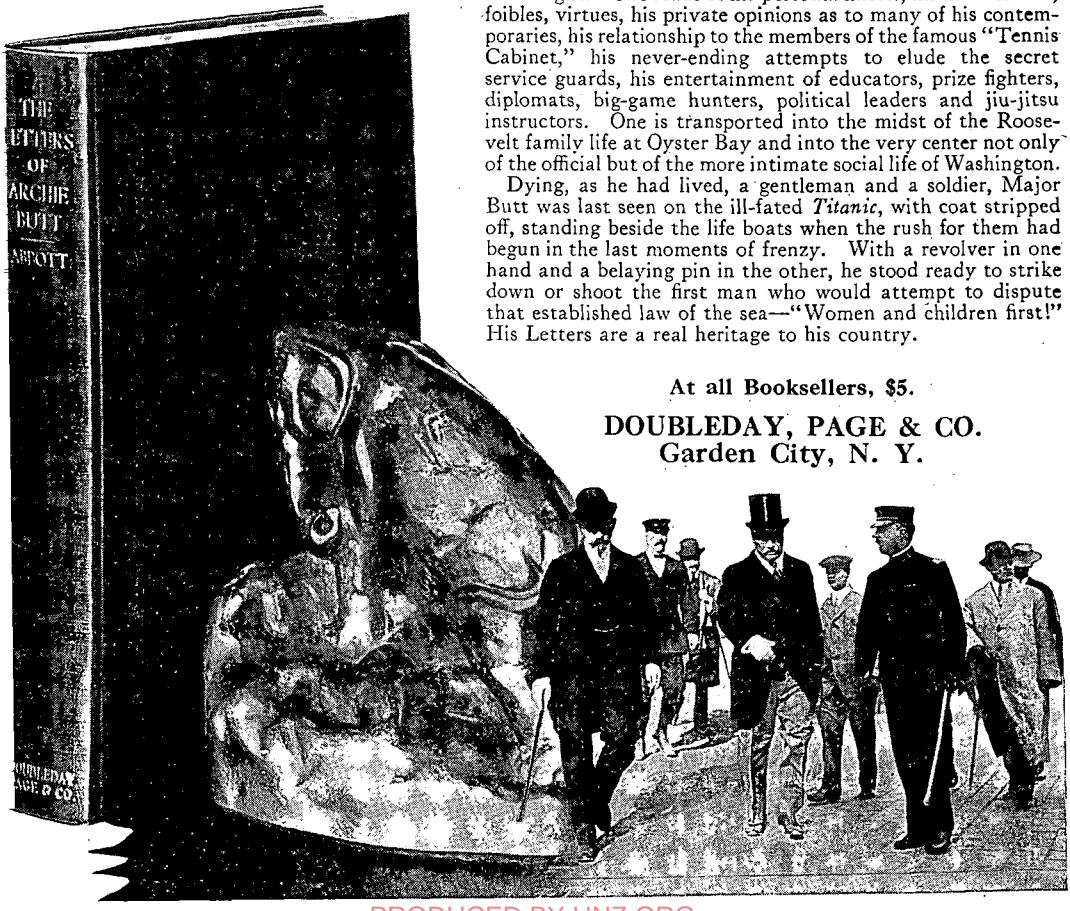
EDITED BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

IN these pages the reader finds himself living again the days when Theodore Roosevelt's towering personality directed the affairs of the nation. Through the observing eyes of Butt, the great, magnetic, many-sided Roosevelt is revealed in a new light. One reads of his personal habits, his mannerisms, foibles, virtues, his private opinions as to many of his contemporaries, his relationship to the members of the famous "Tennis Cabinet," his never-ending attempts to elude the secret service guards, his entertainment of educators, prize fighters, diplomats, big-game hunters, political leaders and jiu-jitsu instructors. One is transported into the midst of the Roosevelt family life at Oyster Bay and into the very center not only of the official but of the more intimate social life of Washington.

Dying, as he had lived, a gentleman and a soldier, Major Butt was last seen on the ill-fated *Titanic*, with coat stripped off, standing beside the life boats when the rush for them had begun in the last moments of frenzy. With a revolver in one hand and a belaying pin in the other, he stood ready to strike down or shoot the first man who would attempt to dispute that established law of the sea—"Women and children first!" His Letters are a real heritage to his country.

At all Booksellers, $5.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
Garden City, N. Y.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

Joseph Caillaux states the case of the party in power and at the same time gives Herriot a rousing reception. The new Government will clean and ventilate the house and may even remedy the unspeakably horrible state of affairs in which it looks as if the French might have to pay for their own war equipment.

* * *

Although some unpleasant Nationalists are bringing up the old anti-Al Smith charge of 'planned spontaneity,' Herriot's home-coming was marked by an even more blazing welcome than was tendered that other idol of France, Woodrow Wilson. William Bolitho's description of the affair is splendid.

* * *

It will be a relief to the friends of the British Commonwealth of Nations to read General Baratier's account of how Imperial France was finally ousted from Egypt by Kitchener and Company. The only people who played no part in the deal were the Egyptians.

* * *

These chaste columns shall not be defiled with a description of the horrors in store for those whose interest in the French penal colony off Guiana leads them to read 'The Islands of the Dead.' Nothing will be said here of the Chinese gambling-den where lepers barter their live stock for drinks out of the same glasses that are used by the rest of the fashionable clientele. Nor will any words be wasted describing the cries of the lunatics rising from the rocky Islands of Safety, where recalcitrant convicts are shut up in pitch-dark cells for twenty days out of the month. If you want to hear about such things, do not consult this page, read the magazine that it adorns.

* * *

The latest of Molnar's plays to reach Broadway — or West 35th Street, to be more exact — is *The Guardsman*. It is distressingly conventional — the characters having no names and the Eternal Triangle being composed of only two people.

* * *

Modern Greece is a house divided against itself. There are two languages and about six different kinds of restaurants. The modern Greek looks on business as a form of art, but has not yet reached the American stage of regarding art as a form of business.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Putnam's Autumn Leaders

The Golden Bed
By Wallace Irwin

A gorgeous love story

"The lines pulse and throb with suppressed emotion, the pages vibrate. 'The Golden Bed' is masterly. Flora Lee Peake will take high rank among America's literary creations." — *New York Times.* $2.00

The Uncertain Feast
By Solita Solano

There is a wild sweep of human conflicts in this story of a ruthlessly ambitious man and a subtle cat-like woman. $2.00

The King of Elfland's Daughter
By Lord Dunsany

The distinguished author of "Plays of Gods and Men" has written a super fairy tale of a quaint village folk who established communion with Elfland. $2.00

An Astronomer at Large
By A. G. Thornton

An extremely clever romance of a professor who decides to have a fling at life and love. $2.00

The Lives of Two Famous Queens

MARIE ANTOINETTE
By Hilaire Belloc

A sympathetic biography of this beautiful instrument of destiny and an authentic account of all the dramatic incidents of her life. "From first to last vivid, dramatic, colorful, with touches of daily life and customs—Intensely interesting."—*New York Times. Illustrated.* $5.00

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA
By Arthur Weigall

The life story of one of the great figures of history presenting her for the first time as wife, mother and lover.
"A vivid piece of history—I heartily advise all who know and love Cleopatra's story to reread it in Mr. Weigall's pages."—J. St. Loe Strachey in the *New York Times. Illustrated.* $5.00

Through the Windows of Westminster
By the Gentleman With the Duster

These new and penetrating studies of important members of the Tory party in British Parliament reveal much that will intrigue you.

Supers and Supermen
By Philip Guedalla

Sketches of fascinating historical and contemporary figures drawn by a keen and witty pen. $2.00

Those Europeans
By Sisley Huddleston

The eminent British journalist has taken the pulse of stricken Europe during the chaos following the war.

You Takes Your Choice
By C. W. Gilbert

One of the authors of "The Mirrors of Washington"

A shrewd discussion of the history, character and prospects of the presidential candidates.

At All Booksellers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS *2 West 45th Street* **NEW YORK**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harcourt, Brace and Company

383 Madison Ave., New York

You Gentiles

By
Maurice Samuel

A modern Jew tells the Gentiles what he thinks of them. $2.00

Under Sail

By
Felix Riesenberg

The Odyssey of an American ship.
Illus. $3.00

Modern Essays

SECOND SERIES
By
Christopher Morley

Thirty new American and British essayists.
$2.00

Barnum

POPULAR EDITION
By
M. R. Werner

This popular biography at half the original price. *Illus.* $2.00

Royal S. Copeland's

THE HEALTH BOOK

A reliable family doctor book. $2.00

E. M. Forster's

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

"The most sensitive piece of fiction in years." — *New York World.*
"A stream of pure beauty, not of nature or of art, but of humanity." — *New Republic.* $2.50

Laurence Stallings'

PLUMES

"It is a triumph, the story of thousands of men. Mr. Stallings has written the novel which several people tried unsuccessfully to write." — *Saturday Review.*
$2.00

Allan Monkhouse's

MY DAUGHTER HELEN

A novel worth reading, by the Literary Editor of the *Manchester Guardian.*
"A notable addition to the psychological novels of our day, and more."—*Frank Swinnerton.* $2.00

Margaret Widdemer's

CHARIS SEES IT THROUGH

A love story that begins with the marriage of an American girl to a successful young immigrant. By the author of *Graven Image,* etc. $1.75

Llewelyn Powys'

BLACK LAUGHTER

A vivid and thrilling account of life on an African farm. "Richly written." — *N. Y. Post.* "Marvelous." — *N. Y. World.* $2.50

Definitions

SECOND SERIES
By
Henry S. Canby

Illuminating essays on books and writers.
$2.00

Herself and a Houseful

By
T. A. Daly

Tom Daly, poet, writes of the fun of a large family. $2.00

When the Bough Breaks

By
Naomi Mitchison

Stories, amazingly vivid, of ancient Rome. $2.50

The Home-Maker

By Dorothy Canfield

"Her best novel since 'The Bent Twig.'" — *Prof. Wm. Lyon Phelps.* $2.00

Papini's

LIFE OF CHRIST

200th thousand.
$3.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 323 — *OCTOBER 4, 1924* — NO. 4187

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE BRITISH TRADE-UNION CONGRESS

THE annual Congress of British Trade-Unions held at Hull early last month — always an important event in England — was followed with more than usual interest this year because its debates and resolutions were likely to have a direct bearing on the programme of the Labor Government now in power. The Congress was attacked by a Labor writer and politician in the *New Leader* because it stuck too closely to bread-and-butter policies. 'A Congress which neglects the finer things, without which good society is impossible, is in danger of losing its soul.' This criticism, which called forth vigorous protest on the floor of the Congress, was provoked by the large degree to which that body was preoccupied with more or less petty sectional and jurisdictional disputes between different unions and between advocates of different theories of Labor organization. The *New Leader*, commenting editorially upon its own article, said: —

There must be a realization that 'each industry when it makes a claim is affecting the position of others. The skilled men who cultivate vegetables would gasp with delighted surprise if they could extort a minimum wage of 30*s.*; the unskilled men who handle the vegetables at Covent Garden are on strike for £4 5*s.* One need not go on to speak of the engineer who receives — when he is not "on the dole" — about half a dustman's wage.' We wish we could see some sign that this aspect of the wage problem was even beginning to be understood by the big trade-unions. But, in point of fact, it cannot be understood so long as the union leaders refuse to look beyond the immediate interest of their own particular followers, and profess to regard industry simply as a battleground permanently set for a struggle between employers and employed, without regard for the fact that the apparent advantages won by one section of workers may be gained at the expense of far more poorly paid workers in other trades.

The extreme selfishness and sectionalism of some of the big unions are causing them to lose very rapidly the public sympathy which their struggle for better conditions of life used to command. Even those who have supported them most strongly are beginning to take note of the fact that the most clamant demands come from the workers who are already best off, and that a new privileged class is coming into being. This class consists of the workers who are

Copyright 1924, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

engaged in trades not subject to competition, or who render services which, though their performance may demand no skill, must be performed if our complicated modern life is to go on without interruption.

The debates brought out the fact that organized Labor in Great Britain favors a movement to affiliate with the trade-unions of Soviet Russia, but that efforts in this direction are opposed by the organized workers of Germany, Belgium, France, and other continental countries, whose conflict with the Communists has been more bitter — and perhaps less one-sided — than it has been among the stabler working classes of Great Britain. Indeed, Communism appears to be losing ground in the latter country, and two or three of its most prominent leaders have recently withdrawn from its ranks because they believe they can accomplish more in the Left wing of the British Labor Party.

For the first time in the history of the Congress, Russian delegates were received, and were given a cordial reception. Their spokesman, in addressing the Congress, devoted the pith of his remarks to an attack upon the Dawes Plan. He declared that this Report

meant more Reparations from Germany. Reparations could come only from a favorable trade-balance, and a favorable trade-balance again must increase competition in British and French industry, which would involve, on the one hand, a lowering of the standard of living among the German workers, and on the other hand, if the standard of life of the British workers was to be protected, would mean a system of high tariffs around them. Thus the world was returning to the vicious circle in which it was moving before the war. The Dawes Plan was only a new plan for the exploitation of the German workers. It could only lead to new conferences, new plans of experts, new schemes for squeezing Reparations out of the German masses. The German Parliament and the German workers were in the position of a man who was asked, 'Will you be hanged to-day or will you be hanged next year?' Naturally they replied, 'We prefer to be hanged next year.'

That was the real meaning of their acceptance of the Dawes Plan. Mr. Tomski expressed the hope that the British workers would say 'Hands off the throat of the German working class' (*cheers*) when it was in revolt against the iron hand stretched out to clutch it.

Another topic that evidently interested the Congress deeply, perhaps more than any other single question brought up, was the choice between industrial unionism — the grouping of workers by industries instead of trades — and craft unionism. The Congress evaded a decision and straddled the question by instructing the General Council to draw up

1. A scheme for organization by industry.
2. A scheme which may secure unity of action without the definite merging of existing unions, by a scientific linking-up to present a united front.

Working-class education likewise received controversial attention. Several rival associations exist in Great Britain to promote the class education of workers. Some of these sympathize with extreme Marxian, perhaps Communist, doctrines. Others are more conservative. An effort was made to unite all these bodies, but without success. The debate developed the fact that the educational movement among Scotch workers, who seem very energetic in this field, is governed by decidedly more radical theories than the movement in England.

Subject to such additions as the Congress may from time to time approve, the following so-called 'Workers' Charter' was accepted by the delegates: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1. Public ownership and control of natural resources and of services: —

(*a*) Nationalization of land, mines, and minerals.

(*b*) Nationalization of railways.

(*c*) The extension of State and municipal enterprise for the provision of social necessities and services.

(*d*) Proper provision for the adequate participation of the workers in control and management.

2. Wages and hours of labor: —

(*a*) A legal maximum working week of forty-four hours.

(*b*) A legal minimum wage for each industry or occupation.

3. Unemployment: —

(*a*) Suitable provisions in relation to unemployment, with adequate maintenance of the unemployed.

(*b*) Establishment of training centres for unemployed juveniles.

(*c*) Extension of training facilities for adults during periods of industrial depression.

4. Housing: Provision of proper and adequate housing accommodation.

5. Education: Full educational facilities to be provided by the State from the elementary schools to the universities.

6. Industrial accidents and diseases: Adequate maintenance and compensation in respect of all forms of industral accidents and diseases.

7. Pensions: —

(a) State pensions for all at the age of sixty.

(*b*) Pensions for widowed mothers and dependent children.

*

PROSPERITY IN FRANCE

THE publication of the Report of the British Commercial Counsellor in Paris upon the economic condition of France, which we note further under Books Mentioned, has been made the text of a rather sorrowful contrast between business conditions in Great Britain and France by several English periodicals and newspapers. The *Evening Standard* says: —

France suffered worse direct damage from the war than any country but Serbia, and her financial policy has been the subject of much criticism. But she has at least been spared our strikes and our costly legislative experiments, and her present position is an advertisement of the value of mere steady work in repairing the ravages of war.

Some of the most arresting statements in the Report are: —

The entire population of France is in full employment.

Production has been consistently retarded by the dearth of labor, and for the last year more than 6000 immigrant workers have been arriving every week.

For all practical purposes of mere industrial output, the reconstruction of the devastated areas is terminated.

The total coal output of the damaged or destroyed mines will soon exceed the pre-war figure.

The yearly production of coke is now nearly two million tons more than in 1913.

The *Economist* summarizes the gist of the Report as follows: —

'The brilliant economic revival that ensued in the early months of 1922 has as yet suffered no eclipse. The entire population of France has continued in full employment, and her production has been consistently retarded by the dearth of labor.' That is the keynote, and throughout the industrial section of the Report it is well sustained. Let us quote one or two illustrations at random. In June 1924, the average number of workers in receipt of unemployment relief was 643. 'Unbroken prosperity has been enjoyed since the last months of 1921 by the French woolen industry, which appears to have completely regained at least its pre-war situation.' Again, 'the French coal industry . . . has enjoyed a period of great prosperity since the early months of 1922.' The tonnage carried by the seven French railway systems rose from 191.6 millions in 1921 to 250.1 millions in 1923. The engineering trades 'have continued to receive constant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and abundant orders.' Illustrations of this almost monotonous story of activity and shortage of labor may be multiplied at will.

Abundant employment has been accompanied by a labor shortage and last year the number of alien industrial and agricultural workers introduced into the country rose to nearly 263,000. This year the newcomers have been arriving at the rate of 6000 a week. Italians form the largest contingent, or well toward one half the total, followed in order by Poles, Spaniards, Belgians, and Portuguese. Efforts were also made to attract skilled labor from Great Britain during the period of unemployment in that country. For instance, a big French establishment concerned with the repair of locomotives and rolling stock offered to engage several hundred British mechanics at attractive wages, and to provide them with comfortable homes, football grounds, and other facilities for recreation. But the British worker refuses to go where he is obliged to speak an alien tongue and, above all, to eat alien food.

Industrial equipment in France has been completely modernized and the manufacturing capacity of the country is far superior to what it was in 1914.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* calls attention to the fact that France's output of iron and steel is steadily rising, while that of Great Britain and the United States is being curtailed. Even though this rise is not rapid, it is very notable in contrast with conditions in competing countries: —

> The first half of this year has not shown a remarkable increase in the number of French blast-furnaces in full activity, although the figures show a steady increase from 125 in January to 134 in February and 135 on July 1. But when compared with the sensational drop in the number of working furnaces in Britain and America over the same period — from 204 to 174 in the case of Great Britain, and from 260 to 160 in the case of America — the French figures are sensational indeed.

Continuing his comment this correspondent says: —

> The results of this prosperity are very similar to those witnessed in Germany during the depreciation of the mark. The great industrialists — the De Wendels, the Schneiders, and the Loucheurs — have become immensely greater. Vertical trusts are forming on the German model.
>
> M. de Wendel has just increased his share capital by 50 million francs and, apart from his bold acquisitions in Czechoslovakia and the other countries of the Little Entente, is taking steps to control all the allied steel industries in France. The Creusot, Firminy, and Chatillon-Commentry companies are rivals in this steel war.
>
> All the French steel industrialists, significantly enough, are eager that the projected commercial treaty between France and Germany should be signed as quickly as possible, for only such a treaty, short of the complete absorption by France of the Ruhr industries, — a dream which is now seen to be unrealizable, — will assure the French manufacturers of stable prices and regular supplies of raw material.

*

A NOTE OR TWO FOR TRAVELERS

THE season for automobile and fruit displays, little as the two have to do with each other, is practically simultaneous in Great Britain and France. October witnesses the Annual Automobile Salon at Paris, as we mentioned in our last monthly issue, and London holds its International Motor Exhibition at the Olympia between the sixteenth and the twenty-fifth of the same month. Fruit growers and lovers who chance to be abroad in the autumn should bear in mind the Annual Imperial Fruit Show at Birmingham and the Horticultural Show at Paris the last week in October.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lovers of pageantry will discover it surviving, off the stage, as part of the political life of our prosaic twentieth-century, in the Lord Mayor's procession through London, which occurs on November 9.

Many Christmas visitors in England will desire to see the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, where the King exhibits and usually appears as a visitor.

✻

A PLAGUE OF AUNTS

THE *Manchester Guardian* publishes, on the authority of its London correspondent, a startling complaint from some bright young English people to the effect that the Wembley Exhibition is becoming infested with aunts. They are said to be converging on London from all points — not migratory aunts of the itinerant New England spinster type, but highly domesticated English aunts who usually stay quietly at home and are content with Christmas and birthday presents from their London relatives. The correspondent says: —

Instances are given me of stationary aunts who had never previously shown any suggestion of movement; now they are coming, attended by friends, too, and announcing exhaustive programmes. Hard-up aunts are writing to forestall birthday presents with suggestions of railway tickets or even the loan of motor-cars.

Bright young people are recoiling from the prospect that is rising before them, and are making what speed they can abroad, but some with no plans and a sense of decency see no help for it. Aunts are landing at the London termini, or appearing in motor-cars or in side-cars in London, and the country is practically being denuded of aunts.

✻

LONDON'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM

THE automobile is creating as serious a traffic problem in Great Britain as it is in the United States. Lord Montagu, a British authority upon this subject, believes that great urban centres like London must make up their minds eventually to adopt a radical solution for it — possibly along lines that seem visionary to-day. Minor remedies no longer avail. Passenger journeys in the London metropolitan area are estimated to have about trebled within sixteen years — rising from 1,363,000, in 1908, to between three and four million at the present time. Street-widening will be prohibitive in cost, and on account of the Britisher's tenacious opposition to any trespass upon his property rights the necessary condemnation proceedings are likely to prove excessively slow. Tunnels broad enough to afford effectual relief would also involve too heavy an outlay for sober consideration. The only alternative, therefore, will be to build elevated roadways, clear of existing streets and houses. Lord Montagu suggests an initial scheme for two overhead ways, one parallel with the Thames and one crossing that river.

A viaduct carrying a roadway sixty feet wide, sufficient for six lines of traffic, built at a height of two hundred feet where necessary to cross important streets and buildings, and declining to an average of, say, one hundred feet where smaller streets and lower houses are concerned, borne on three-hundred-foot spans, and resting upon piers at least sixty-five feet by seventy feet, would cost about £3,000,000 a mile. If it were kept at the two-hundred-foot height throughout, it would cost £3,500,000 a mile. For the whole distance of three and one half miles, therefore, £10,500,000 for the undulating road and £12,250,000 for the road at a uniform height of two hundred feet, respectively, would be the sums required for construction.

The piers carrying the road should be inhabited, and they would contain at least seven floors — probably more. For these floors, approximately £200 a year could be obtained as an average, or, say, £1400 per annum per pier. With three-hundred-foot spans, there would be nearly eighteen of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these to the mile. But every half-mile, at least, we should have to provide for the traffic entering and leaving the overhead way, and there would have to be lifts and escalators, leaving only sixteen piers producing rent. These sixteen piers would bring in £22,400 a mile, or, to put it in another way, such a rental would provide five per cent interest on about £400,000. These estimates and figures are only intended to be approximate, but they are reasonable, and have been checked by a capable civil engineer. The arches would probably be of steel of the cantilever type, while the piers would need a considerable additional amount of steel work, in combination with reënforced concrete.

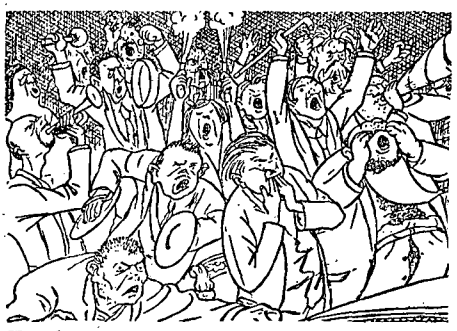
*

A NOTE ON EMIGRATION

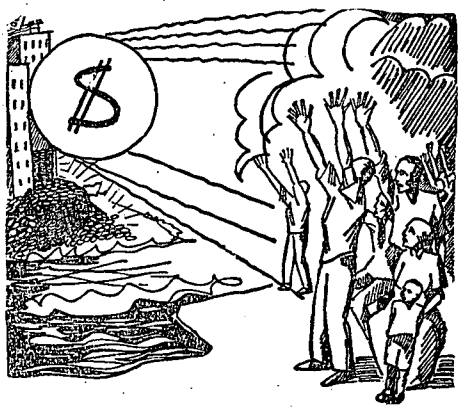
GREAT BRITAIN is somewhat displeased by the fact that her emigrants are going so largely to countries outside the British Commonwealth of Nations. Out of 213,000 who left the British Isles in 1923, about 88,000 went to other countries, practically all of them to the United States. Casual labor makes up but a very small percentage of this exodus, and the outflow of skilled artisans is preponderantly to our own shores. Although there is some backflow, especially of the better-paid classes of workers, during a season of quiet employment such as now prevails in America, many of those who return home are professedly but temporary visitors in their native land. A somewhat similar situation exists in Ireland. The *Irish Statesman* says: —

In one day last month 1500 applications (to emigrate to the United States) were received, and on another day 2000, though the allotment for the Dublin Consulate under the new Immigration Law is limited to 1200 visas monthly. We have been welcoming the return of Irish-Americans as a proof that Ireland still flings a spell over all her sons; it would be fatal to shut our eyes to the fact that a much larger proportion of children of the soil desire nothing more ardently than to cast its dust from their feet.

In other days we consoled ourselves with the thought that responsibility rested not with us, but with the rulers who governed us against our will. Republicans indeed profess to find in the new exodus a final proof that Merrion Street is wholeheartedly carrying on the dearest traditions of Dublin Castle, though those of them who face the question honestly are well aware that the substitution of Mr. de Valera for President Cosgrave would do nothing to dam back the tide of emigrants. Very few of the people who are going trouble themselves about either the Free State or the Republic, except in so far as the conflict between their respective adherents has made it impossible for ordinary men and women to earn a living at home.



The Communist Programme. — *Simplicissimus*



Europe's Rising Sun. — *Vorwärts*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'DESTINY HAS CHANGED HORSES'

BY JOSEPH CAILLAUX

From *L'Ère Nouvelle, August* 18
(French Radical Daily)

[The speech that M. Caillaux, the ex-Premier of France, — convicted of an alleged political offense during the war and now restored to full civic rights, — delivered at Le Mans on the seventeenth of August was regarded in France as a public event of first importance. It is of interest to American readers as an unofficial statement of the policies that are supposed to guide the present Cabinet.]

We are here to celebrate the triumph of the Republic over Clericalism. We have come together to ratify a victory won over Nationalism. Years pass, but political standpoints remain about the same. Clericalism and Nationalism are only slightly varying expressions of the same mentality. One would exploit, distort, and disfigure the religious ideal; the other the ideal of the Fatherland. Both synthesize the narrow prejudice, parochialism, craving for domination, and love of persecution that are the hallmarks of fanaticism. Our nation has consistently rebelled against fanaticism. It has been right in this attitude. It will never cease to combat Clericalism. It owes it to itself, however, it is even more deeply obligated, to extirpate that exaggerated Nationalism, that new religion of intolerance, whose creed we are tempted to seek in the records of the Inquisition — a spirit which runs counter to the genius of our race, and will do incalculable harm to our country if we let it establish itself in our midst.

France owes her greatness — need I say this? — to the lofty ideals that she has proclaimed to the world. The sympathies that we have found beyond our borders, and that have been of priceless value to us, spring from enthusiasm for the ideals that animated our people, particularly in 1789. He wrongs our country who would rob her of the very traits that make her what she is. They only labor well for France who, conscious of her history and heredity, would preserve her as she has been for a hundred and fifty years, as she has represented herself to the world, and as the world has conceived her.

My dear friends, you have felt these things. You have proved once again that counter-revolution, under whatever name it masks itself, can never succeed with us. Its tactics are ever the same; its stratagems are ever identical: slander and deception — the slander that destroys men it cannot otherwise overcome; the deception that would stupefy the minds of the people and lull them to sleep with drug dreams from which there is sure to be, sooner or later, a rude awakening.

Such a rude awakening has come — has it not? — for the majorities and the cabinets that raised or rallied to the Nationalist banner, and that for the past few years have guided our country's destinies. They have vaunted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the grandeur of their conceptions. They have justified their policies by promising that the crushing burdens of a war prolonged beyond reason should be borne by the vanquished. 'Germany will pay' was their slogan. They did not preach it long before its falseness became apparent. They were forced to try a discreet retreat. 'At least,' they declared, 'the ruins that encumber our own soil shall be rebuilt at the cost of the enemy. As to the sums we are obligated to pay our Allies, they need not trouble us.'

Then the veil was rent.

We have learned that since the signature of the peace treaties, where blind mediocrity sought to dazzle with its wisdom generations to come, the Reparations account has been so kept as to produce a steady deficit. To-day not one centime paid by the vanquished stands to our credit — aye, astonishing as it may seem, we are actually out of pocket ninety-eight billion francs of our own money. More than that, the debts we contracted toward our Allies during the war, and for the purpose of carrying on the war, have not been paid. The sponge has not been wiped across the slate. We do not know but that we shall have yet to pay in full for the very overcoats in which our soldiers died.

A more lamentable bankruptcy could not be conceived. The men who carried out or supported the policy that brought us to this pass may plead as eloquently as they wish that they had great designs in view, but every unbiased judge will see at once that the fruits of their policy condemn them beyond reprieve.

All sense of responsibility must have deserted these champions of Nationalism when they continue to attack men who saw clearly when their own eyes were blinded, men who gave timely warnings to which their pride disdained to listen. More incredible yet, they seek to paralyze the efforts of the leaders of the new majority who are trying to extricate us from the quagmire into which they have led us.

In saving us from the consequences of a policy that — to put it mildly — was unworthy of France, Édouard Herriot has shown courage, lofty vision, and a sense of broad perspectives. . . . He has the more claim to our gratitude, our admiration, and our support because, whatever may be the details of the final arrangements for carrying out a plan accepted by his predecessor, he will have rendered France an incalculable service. For he has changed the atmosphere of Europe. He has opened the windows. He has given light and air free access to a sick chamber poisoned with the miasma of chicane.

A great Italian economist lately wrote: 'Europe faces the dilemma of harmony or dissolution.' Let me put it another way: she must either unite or become enslaved. Our Premier sees clearly the path to disaster and the path to safety. He has chosen resolutely the road to union, to conciliation, to mutual trust and understanding among the democracies of Europe, to true peace.

But whatever success may crown the labors begun at London, we must not deceive ourselves as to the long and toilsome task before us ere France can become herself again. We shall have to pay for the losses of the war, to which have been added — unnecessarily — the losses of the peace.

I do not wish to be a prophet of ill omen. But I should not say what is in the bottom of my heart if I failed to point out that the period of unexampled prodigality through which we have just passed is at an end, and that we are entering upon an era of stern economic and financial penance.

We may indeed lessen the severity

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of that penance and shorten its term, but only if we renounce all thought of speedy and easy remedies. There is no magic by which we can bring back with a wave of a wand what has been destroyed. We must discard antiquated methods; we must take large views; we must go ahead boldly; but we must combine patience with audacity.

Two great evils — the high cost of living and the demoralization of our finances — must be overcome. To meet the high cost of living we must broaden our markets by treaties of commerce drafted on a new plan, inaugurating or paving the way for customs unions. We must control strictly the great associations of producers that batten upon consumers. We must declare ruthless war upon the economic parasitism represented by a host of unnecessary middlemen. We must use all these methods to correct the oppressive prices that scandalously enrich a few and bring privation or misery to the humble masses.

We cannot repair our finances by fiscal jugglery. We must bear in mind that when we multiply taxes, and when we increase excessively their amount, the public revenue devours itself. Let us have taxes that can be collected in full. Let us do away with exemptions, with favors, with remissions under all sorts of pretexts, often granted — incredible as it may seem — to the most powerful firms, to banks, and to insurance companies. In a word, we must wipe out the unfair privileges that paralyze our whole tax system and draw away the substance of our revenues.

Above all, however, let us lay the legitimate burden they deserve upon fortunes made out of the war, and out of the subsequent carnival of corruption in our devastated regions.

We have a hard hill to climb. . . . The people have entrusted to the Republicans of the Left the most difficult of tasks. They have too true an appreciation of realities and possibilities not to be generous toward those in whom they have placed their faith. But they do demand immediate and vigorous administrative reforms from those upon whom they have conferred political power. It is necessary that every citizen know, that he be made to feel, that on the eleventh of May, 1924, Destiny changed horses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW HERRIOT CAME HOME

BY WILLIAM BOLITHO

From the *Outlook, August* 30
(London Semi-Radical Weekly)

[The graphic account of Premier Herriot's return from London to Paris after the acceptance of the Dawes Report is no longer current news; but it has not ceased to be a document of Paris sentiment.]

When it saw M. Herriot standing in the doorway of his compartment, the inconstant crowd at the Gare St. Lazare rushed the detective cordon, like a mob ready for murder. The faces of his Ministers smiling out of the train windows paled and ducked back for an instant. But M. Herriot, braver or better diviner, abandoned the brass handrail and lifted his hand, palm upward, with a large sweep that meant conquest and joy and a rosy, prosperous triumph.

Three months ago Paris was for war and Poincaréism. Now at M. Herriot's wave the Parisians are yelling, formidably, '*Vive la Paix!*' The vanguard — the hatless, breathless first fringe, with flowing fancy ties and desperate notebooks that even a hand-to-hand crowd cannot wrench from them — are the journalists. In lunatic imitation of a band of schoolboys round a master who has some vitally interesting lesson to impart, they ring M. Herriot round, knowing that to forget the least banality he may utter will mean their ruin. The young, the cubs at their first big story, fight unashamed for the nearest place. The old hands, red-faced, panting, indignant, and despairing, use their weight, and pass the fragments of speech they can catch to the confrères of their own age in camaraderie.

The rest of the ear-splitting mass that is struggling for inches of forward room down the platform, down the complete length of the immense Hall of Lost Footsteps, now covers the cobbled courtyards a quarter of a mile apart and every street that gives into them. It is an uncontrollable, boundless horde, yelling for Herriot, for Peace, for excitement, most of all for a better sight of what is going on in the centre of their dark multitude. Outside the interlocked ring of journalists are twenty thousand Radical fanatics, army-haters, election victors who have come from the suburbs and the city to make Herriot's arrival a success, whatever he may have brought in that bulged wallet, of worn brown leather, that hooks on the doorhinge and impedes his descent for a moment on to the platform. They are fanatics for their party, for their chief, in this furnace of enthusiasm. The party whips, the party organization has brought them to wait and cheer. They cheer as they would vote, for Herriot, for continuance of their party in power, for sweets of office, for destruction of their foes, decisively, plumping for Peace. *Vi, Vah, La* . . .

Round this kernel, there is an enormous shapeless rind of the Public — women, newsboys, bourgeois, typists, Communists, business men, white-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haired Pacifists, enthusiasts, indifferent; in the main good Paris people who were glad before they came that peace was made and the Ruhr expedition over. Now in the infection of resonant enthusiasm inside, which is shaking the sooty steel girders and rattling the dirty glass of the vast hall, by contagion of numbers, by mere contact with that new cry, which for ten years has never been heard in Paris, 'Long Live Peace,' they have been set on fire. A brown scuffling knot appears in the station entrance, MM. Herriot and Clementel; and hot-faced journalists are forced, in spite of their resistance, away from the telephone booths where they want to go. The whole courtyard salutes them: 'Herriot, Herriot, *Vive la Paix!*'

The train had been late. When it arrived it was past six. It is the hour when hundreds of thousands of working Parisians catch the trains to the outer suburbs. The whole of the St. Lazare contingent had been caught in the first flood of Peace greeters. Their wives and allotments were waiting, but there was no protesting. For whole minutes together the composite impatient mob as one man, with a voice like a cyclone, acclaimed the new gods, Herriot and Peace.

But in the pauses one heard another sound, shrill, hateful, that cuts like a wire whip — the whistle of protest. Sharper than any other sound, in a theatre, when a poor singer has missed her note, is this Paris whistle, bitter as Hell. It ripped the monotony of the shouting. M. Herriot, on the steps, hears it, lifts up his broad, gratified face, changing his look. He can do more than make peace, he can fight — this good-humored, honest-tempered man. He stares down, searching the enemy, challenging, with a half-frown. The police, who have pushed next him through the routed reporters, follow his look — severe men as broad-backed as their supreme chief, not fellows to trifle. A girl who is standing in a niche among the cement pillars staring, quiet, catches their eye. 'Move away,' says the nearest Sûreté man, in that tone they have. She had not whistled, I am sure, but she had not applauded. A face and allure like the Berton girl — thin, delicate, disquieting. 'What 's up with you? I 'm doing nothing,' she answered, in the accent of the Barrier. The detective motioned with his hand. She had the habit of obeying: in a second she was lost in the vague masses behind.

The rest, hearing the thing that had changed the scene, paused a little, as if puzzled and at a loss, then began again, a degree louder. The acclamation rose irresistible, drowning, while it lasted, all other sounds. From the station to his car and far down after its smooth back as it disappeared by degrees, held up by the outliers of the crowd, or by the flow of traffic that had now again begun in the lower streets, that cheer pursued him. Paris had given the man who gave up the Ruhr a bigger reception even than President Wilson had in 1919 — the most magnificent applause from his fellow creatures any man ever had in our times before, I suppose. Leave it at that. M. Herriot's reception made all that Poincaré or the war men had received before small, tepid affairs. But in the intervals, when the crowd, hoarse and tired, slackened its cry, there was always — piercing, hateful, reckless — that shrill countermusic from the hidden corners of the whistling dissenters, monosyllabic, indisputable, punctuating with menace the chorus of '*Vive la Paix!*'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN I WAS TSAR

BY ALBERT ENGSTRÖM

From *Strix, March 27*
(Stockholm Humorous Weekly)

I chance to resemble the late Russian Tsar, and this resemblance on one occasion nearly caused me trouble.

It was in 1905. I was a guest on a steam-yacht that dropped anchor late one evening off a small city across the Baltic. It was the first time I had ever been in Russia, and none of our party had ever visited before this little, out-of-the-way, harbor town.

Rowing ashore, we entered a restaurant where a majority of the guests seemed more or less the worse for liquor, and champagne was served freely at most of the tables. Among the diners were several officers, including an elderly, gray-bearded general, covered with decorations, who orated continuously. At times this gentleman seemed to be furious, and gesticulated and rolled his eyes; but a moment after one of these explosions he would fall on his neighbor's neck and kiss him loudly on both cheeks. Another uniformed gentleman in the same party was the city chief of police. He was evidently the host of the evening, and I have often seen soberer officials. Suddenly all the officers rose and reeled into the next room, and the door was slammed behind them. After a while we began to hear songs, roars, and yells.

As we were paying our bill, preparatory to leaving, a gruesome shriek rose above the general tumult in the private room. For a moment there was absolute silence in our part of the restaurant. The next instant the head-waiter and two garçons rushed forward and opened the door. Inside a wild fist-fight was under way, and the chief of police and the old general were rolling on the floor under a billiard table, trying to choke each other. We had barely time to grasp the situation before the door was banged shut again.

The next day we put on our best clothes and went ashore to visit an old historic castle, which is the city's ornament. It was a Sunday of brilliant sunshine, and people in holiday raiment were promenading along the quay. Before we landed someone proposed: 'Why not let Albert, who looks like the Tsar, play the part of the Russian autocrat? Here in this off corner of the world no one has seen the Tsar. Only a few Russians have ever been near enough to the monarch to recognize him with certainty. But they all have seen pictures of him, and Albert looks like him to a dot. With a little dignity on his part and deference from us, he ought to play the part with success.'

All agreed to this. I was helped ashore with slave-like devotion by my companions, who stood at attention when I passed them on my way to the city. I walked slowly and with dignity a few steps ahead of the others. I allowed one of them to hand me a cigarette. While it was being lighted for me all stood at respectful attention. With a gracious wave of the hand I thanked them and continued on my way.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naturally our mummery could not fail to attract notice. People stopped and whispered and gaped at the visiting dignitaries. Then they began to follow us at a respectful distance. Others joined the procession and soon our following was of considerable size. We passed through a park with casino-like structures on either side. This was evidently the promenade of the highest society.

Never have I been stared at with such curiosity. I suddenly found myself face to face with the chief of police, who the evening before had been so drunk! With the instinct of an inferior he turned respectfully aside before my impressive and imperturbable dignity; but eager to do his duty he approached my followers and asked who I was.

My friend answered in German: 'His Majesty desires for the moment to remain incognito. But you can see to it that the populace does not annoy him.'

You may feel assured that it was not long before the crowd was scattered. The gendarmes worked, their chief buzzed quiet orders.

We stopped before an open-air restaurant where I deigned to order a drink. My comrades bought a bottle of champagne and kept their proper distance, while I distractedly sampled my wine. Again the mob closed in, only to be promptly dispersed.

It had been our plan to dine at some restaurant after visiting the castle, but I could see that we had spoiled our programme and ought to get back on board. No one could tell how our escapade might end. So we marched back to the pier and boarded our yacht.

By this time the whole city was in commotion. People ran up and down the quay as if crazy. A black compact mass of humanity approached through the main street leading to the harbor.

'Get steam up as quickly as possible,' ordered our host. 'This business may end in a bad scrape.'

Sure enough, we missed detection by a hair's breadth. A boat put out to us, rowed by six gendarmes, with three men seated in the stern. We recognized the chief of police and the drunken general of the evening before. The third was a stranger to us, but he also was in uniform.

The boat ran alongside the yacht. The third member of the party introduced himself as the mayor of the city. He asked whom the municipality had had the honor to receive as a guest.

'His Majesty is pleased to remain absolutely incognito. His Majesty has ordered immediate departure.'

The three men looked at each other irresolutely. I kept myself hidden in the smoking-room.

'To what nationality does your Excellency deign to belong?' asked the chief of police. We had taken down all our flags and pennants.

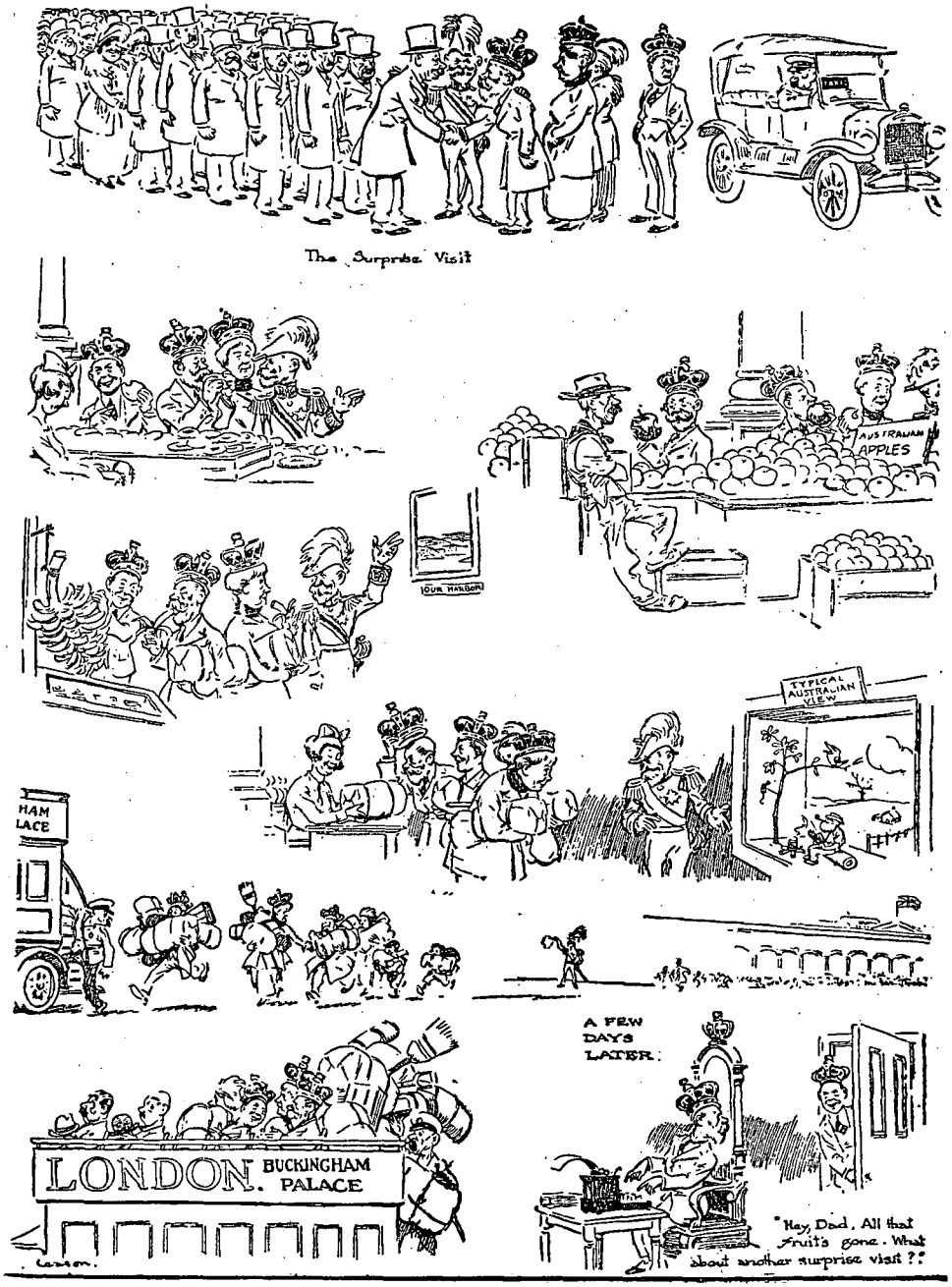
'His Majesty prefers to remain absolutely incognito! More I am not authorized to state.'

'I hope, however, that the High Visitor has been content, though we did not have the opportunity to make suitable preparations,' said the chief of police.

'More than satisfied. To be sure, I have not the authority to say so officially — but His Majesty deigns to be quite content. He has now been so gracious as to retire. Good-bye, gentlemen.'

The anchor chain was drawn in with a rattle. The yacht puffed a billow of black smoke from her hurriedly stirred fires, and we slipped quietly out of the harbor, leaving behind us three men in a boat, staring at each other and shaking their heads.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Australia Quizzes Royalty

'The King and Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, paid another surprise visit to the Empire Exhibition. Under the guidance of the High Commissioner, the royal party made a tour of the Australian exhibits. The visitors accepted gifts of cases of apples, dried fruits, a bottle of Australian "Attar of Boronia," a Kaiapoi rug, a Samoan mat, and other articles' (Press dispatch).

— *Sydney Bulletin*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ISLANDS OF THE DEAD

BY A. ROGOZHIN

From *Dni, April* 16 and 17
(Berlin Non-Bolshevist Russian-Language Daily)

Rarely has a book had such a tremendous — I should say such a startling — success as fell to the lot of Albert Londres's *Au Bagne* (At the Convict Prison.) The demand for it is so great that the publisher is unable to supply the number of copies required every day.

The book is neither a novel nor a scientific study. It is the simple diary of a modest but talented journalist who went to Guiana and told, in direct and unpretentious words, what he had seen on those islands of horror, forsaken by God and damned by men — in other words what is officially called the French convict territory.

Near the shore of Brittany is a barren rocky island, L'Île de Ré, where, right at the edge of the ocean, stands a great prison-building enclosed by a high stone wall. It is a clearing-house where convicts sentenced to exile are brought from all over France. Three or four times a year a special steamer lands near the prison and a group of men is led out of the heavy gates. Murderers, thieves, traitors, pardoned death-house convicts, and other criminals are all alike driven under the deck and locked under a grate. The ship sails toward Spain, then turns toward the sunny shores of South America, but before reaching them turns again, northward this time, and after some thirty days' travel reaches her destination — Guiana.

Here the circle of human life is completed. The convicts step into that portion of Dante's Inferno where there is no hope left. But one prospect awaits them: sooner or later — and preferably sooner — to die on the sun-baked islands or to become the food of the sharks who abound in the surrounding seas.

What do the convicts do on those islands? Everything, but more exactly, nothing. Once, very long ago, the French Government had a design to colonize and cultivate the islands with the help of convicts and so give them a chance to live in a well-arranged, civilized community. But no experienced colonizers were sent out with the men — no one except prison wardens and guards, under whose wise guidance civilization has been advanced only by the building of twenty-four kilometres of highway.

In the morning a group assigned for the task goes out to cut down the jungle swarming with mosquitoes. The tropical sun burns over the swamps, and yellow fever mows down its uncounted victims. Quinine is a luxury dispensed to those who have distinguished themselves by good behavior. At night all are crowded into stuffy cells, fifty or sixty men in each, sick and well together. There they smother during the long nightmare of darkness and what they do is nobody's concern. Often in the morning murdered men are carried

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out — the convicts have a short way of ending disputes, and cards and knives do their work in spite of drastic regulations.

The convicts are not sorted, says Londres, but thrown all together into the cells. Born criminals, who have long lost all that is human, dwell day and night with those who were brought to desperation by accident or by unendurable poverty. But then what need is there to sort them out? A man who has once put his foot down on the islands is not a human being any longer, but one of a species of cattle — a name in a register.

Pitilessly and boldly the young journalist raises the curtain and shows to the world the life of outcast and forgotten men who submit to their harsh régime without a murmur, readily drift into new crimes, and recklessly put their heads under the guillotine. Every now and then the local court sentences a man to death for a new crime committed since his arrival on the islands — murdering a sentry, or a fellow convict, or one of the few free inhabitants of the island. Immediately after the passing of such a sentence, the man is segregated and placed in special quarters. Usually he does not wait long. The sentence is confirmed in two or three weeks and the executioner — also a convict — is ordered to bring the guillotine out on the public square. The condemned man does not know about this order, but in some mysterious way everybody else does. On the night preceding the execution, a dead silence reigns in all the cells, but the men do not sleep — they listen to the muffled sounds of the hammer as the executioner puts his machine in readiness, and at midnight a weird and sinister chant rises from all the cells. No one beyond the confines of the exiled territory knows the melody and the words — they are transmitted from one generation to the other and their meaning is well known to the inmates and to the condemned man. It is a signal for him: 'If you can do anything, do it now. To-morrow will be too late. The guillotine stands ready.' The settlement, however, records only very few cases of timely escape.

On the day of execution all the convicts are led out upon the square and told to form a circle and kneel. They remain so till the ceremony is ended and return to the prison, the executioner among them. Strange to say, they have nothing against him and get along with him very well.

The author tells the story of one of these executioners. After a few years' career as 'peaceful executioner,' as he himself put it, he had a dispute with a brother convict which ended fatally. The outcome was plain enough — the guillotine, but this did not trouble the murderer. The question that worried him was whether his successor could manage the complicated machine. When the court confirmed the death sentence, he made special petition to be allowed to mount the guillotine for his own execution and teach the new and inexperienced executioner how to operate it. His petition was granted, and on the appointed day the convicts who were led out into the public square beheld the sentenced executioner busying himself anxiously with the parts of the guillotine and calmly instructing his successor in the last details. When all was ready, he climbed upon the scaffold, put his head through the frame, and turning to the new executioner said: 'All right now. Let down the knife.'

The pupil proved capable. His teacher's head lay in the basket the next moment.

A few islets belonging to the same group are also settled by convicts. The nearest are the Îles de Salut. Is-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lands of Salvation! The man who invented the name was a great joker. These islands are a group of bare rocks. Among these rocks are scattered solitarys tone cells. Delinquent convicts are placed there, not for a day or a week, but for months and years. The conditions of life are truly appalling. For twenty days in a month the incarcerated are kept in absolute darkness and only ten days in a month do they receive light — even then not much light, however. A convict is usually sent for a month only, but his life is such that he is forced to protest. Each protest results in a lengthening of the term of incarceration, and Londres has seen men who have thus accumulated for themselves a term of two, three, or five thousand days — that is, until they are in their graves. Death, however, mostly comes soon enough to relieve these unfortunates. A grave? No, there is no grave. The Isles of Salvation are all solid rock, and therefore dead bodies are thrown into the sea. But they do not sink — they have not even a chance to submerge, for they are snatched up instantly by sharks.

Until lately a small chapel stood upon one of the islets and a bell was sounded from its tower every time a death occurred in one of the cells. A priest then came from the main island to officiate, but this practice has now been discontinued, for the sharks had learned to recognize the signal and every time as the bell sounded they gathered around a certain vertical rock upon the shore and waited with open mouths. This horrible picture so impressed the other incarcerated men that insanity became too frequent and the administration took off the bell.

Dead silence reigns on the Isles of Salvation, pierced only rarely by the shrill cry of an insane man. No one is to be seen besides sentries, who are frequently changed. Only at mealtime, horrible, emaciated, and hairy heads of half-naked or naked people protrude from door-windows — heads that look like nightmare visions. All that is outside the exile territory has ceased to exist for them — they have forgotten it. So when Londres visited their stone burrows they first met him with terror in their faces, then with great amazement, feeling him with their fingers as if they did not believe that he was a creature of flesh and blood. He talked with them, asked them questions, and made notes, and of all he heard he was most impressed by a few clandestinely whispered words of one of them — very simple words indeed: —

'You know — galleys are — a terrible thing.'

'There was, in this ominous whisper, so much hopeless despair and terror,' says Londres, 'that *I* felt petrified. A shiver ran down my spine. This whisper follows me everywhere, and I see, as if they were still before me, those awful eyes, that hairy, yellow, emaciated parchment face.'

If the inmates of the Isles of Salvation can nourish some faint hope of leaving the islands and living again among people, or at least of ending their terms in the cells and being returned to the general prison in Guiana, or perhaps even becoming free farmers later on, the inmates of another little island are deprived of even that poor hope. This is Devil's Island, on which are kept only those convicted to life imprisonment for high treason. In little solitary cells they live day in day out, knowing for certain that in those cells they will breathe their last breaths and that their bodies will be thrown down from the rocks to the sharks in the sea. The population of this island is not numerous — just a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few civilians and military men who were tempted by money and sold State secrets.

The last island of the exile territory has no name — and it is well it has n't. It had better be unknown. It also is settled by convicts, but they have no guards and live more independently than the rest, possessing a sort of self-government. People are afraid to land on that island. Once a week a rowboat comes near, but does not touch. Bags of flour, rice, meat, and other necessaries are thrown ashore, and once in a while the prison physician pays a fleeting visit. This island is populated by lepers. Time and again the physician discovers the fatal pink spot on the forehead of one of the inmates on the main island. Nothing can be done for the unfortunate man. He is put in a boat and thrown out on the 'free' island with a bag of rice and flour. That is the end — there is no return to life. He will perhaps live for years in the company of his new comrades, rotting alive, and — who knows? — will perhaps be content with having bought 'freedom' at such a price. The lepers' colony is numerous enough. They raise chickens, geese, ducks, and hogs. On the days of the arrival of the boat with victuals, they gather at the shore and those in the boat have such a terrible picture of rotting bodies before them that they seldom dare to lift their eyes, but turn their faces away and hurry off as soon as their task is finished.

In a forlorn corner of the main island flourishes a gambling-den kept by a few Chinese. This is a rendezvous of convict settlers, tramps, and those beachcombers who are plentiful everywhere. Only here the moral level of the habitués is several degrees lower than in most similar dens. The lepers are almost nightly visitors. In the dead of the night they come there and exchange their fowls and other produce for wine and admittance to the gambling-tables, where they drink from the same glasses as all the rest. They are not afraid of being arrested, for they know that no one dares to touch them. The Chinese den is their last and only joy.

Every convict sent to Guiana nurses one cherished hope — escape. This hope lives with him for two, three, five years — then it begins to fade and dies away. This does not mean that nobody escapes from Guiana — but escape is only possible for unusually bold, clever, and desperate men. The obstacles are all but unsurmountable.

They escape in two directions — Dutch Guiana and Venezuela, mostly to the former, for it is nearer. To reach it one must cover a large stretch of sea. The convicts have no boats and no chance of buying them. They make rafts and set out for freedom. How many attain it no one knows. Without food or water they are borne off, almost at the will of the wind, across seas swarming with sharks, whose victims they often become before reaching the Dutch shores, and even if they do reach them this does not mean salvation. They have now to crawl through miles of virgin jungle, risking encounters with predatory wild beasts. Woe to those who lose their way!

Nothing very pleasant awaits those who have reached freedom, however, for the Dutch colonists take full advantage of their hopeless position and pay them miserable wages for exhausting work. In case of any protest revenge is quick — the dissatisfied ones are sent back to penal servitude.

The way to Venezuela is longer and more complicated. Only those who have money can undertake it — and it is a difficult matter to keep money in prison. The only way to do so is to swallow it, and in this way some con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

victs carry considerable amounts in their stomachs. Venezuela! A magic word for every convict! How much emotion they betray as they speak it! Many desperadoes have escaped thither and been caught and put on the Isles of Salvation. Others, however, have had good luck and have sent back to their comrades most promising and tempting news of their success. Many more left penal servitude to try their fortune, but presently all these men began to vanish without leaving a trace. There were countless guesses as to their fate until one day the whole settlement was thunderstruck with a horrible story unusual even there.

In Guiana lived a peaceful and highly esteemed free colonist. He was a farmer, a man of means and strict morality. No one suspected that he traded, between times, in smuggling convicts over to Venezuela for a reasonable price. Once a party of six escaped from prison — five Frenchmen and one Arab. In vain the administration searched the islands for them all day, but in the evening the fugitive Arab came back alone, bleeding, and told the administration the following story: —

The colonist agreed to smuggle their party off to Venezuela and met them in a rowboat at the appointed place. With him was a Negro servant. When they had left the penal settlement far behind them, but were still quite near the shore, the colonist tied the boat to a rock and went ashore with his Negro, taking his gun along, 'to see if everything was quiet.' Suddenly he began to shoot point-blank at the convicts. The Arab, who was the first to be wounded, jumped out and successfully escaped the murderer. He hid in the bush and witnessed the murder of his comrades and heard their heart-rending cries. When all five were silent, the colonist and the Negro climbed back into the boat and carried the bodies ashore one by one. Then, lining them up on the ground, they took knives, opened their victims' stomachs, extracted the money, and threw the rest to the sharks.

The farmer and his Negro were arrested and confirmed the story. Moreover they confessed that they had been at it for a long time. Just how many they had killed the Negro could not remember, but all those convicts who set out for Venezuela with the help of the respectable colonist perished in this way.

Servant and master were both sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. They are now on the Isles of Salvation and will probably finish their days there. The administration is afraid to place them among the convicts in the main prison, for more than one knife would be thrust in them if they spent a single night among the comrades of their victims.

'I still dream of these prisons every night,' says Londres. 'The time I spent there, outside the orbit of human life, watching the various aspects of that inferno, became an everlasting nightmare to me. All the outcasts I have seen gather before my eyes like so many repulsive reptiles.'

With an appeal to public opinion and the Government the author concludes his terrible record. His appeal stirred the country, and the Government took urgent measures to improve the lot of the unfortunates on the far-off islands, but it did not stop there. A special commission called together for the investigation and study of the question gathered a wealth of material and listened to a number of witnesses, among them former convicts. At its last session, not long ago, this commission reached a definite decision: —

'Penal servitude must be abolished.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVACUATING FASHODA

BY GENERAL BARATIER

From *Le Correspondant, June 25*
(Liberal Catholic Semimonthly)

[General Baratier takes up his narrative of the Marchand expedition at the point where the French and Anglo-Egyptian forces lay on their arms facing one another at Fashoda, while the diplomats negotiated and the peace of Europe hung in the balance.]

There was nothing left for us to do but await word from our Government. How would it act, or rather in what direction would it move? Through an English newspaper we learned at length the name of the new Minister of Foreign Affairs — which was Delacroix according to Kitchener, Delafosse according to Colonel Wingate, but Delcassé as a plain matter of fact.

We all knew M. Delcassé, one of those rare men who kept in touch with colonial questions, one of those still rarer men who, at the time our expedition set off, were determined to direct policies along our lines. All was not lost then. M. Hanotaux's idea would be continued by his successor, and the object of prime importance, the very raison d'être of the Mission, — that is, maintenance of French influence on the Nile, — was in good hands. During the early days of October the transfer of Egyptian troops was only a possibility which we felt but could not be certain about. What we did feel sure of after the first day was that with our hundred and fifty riflemen we could drive away Jackson Bey and every one of his five hundred men who, in spite of their gunboat and all their artillery were more afraid of us than they were of fever.

All his cannon were trained on us. He slept with one eye open and the least incident was sufficient cause for alarm. If somebody happened to blaze away at a hippopotamus which, being fond of flowers and vegetables, had come ashore in our garden, that single shot would bring the whole English camp to their feet and to their combat posts, and they never dared go back to bed again. We were told all about these alarms by the Egyptian officers, who took malicious pleasure in retailing them to us.

One day when a steamboat was arriving from Khartum, we went over to watch it pass the fort. It was the dispatch boat, 'Kaïbar,' towing two immense barges loaded with matériel. On board we could see some thirty Sudanese, a few Europeans, a number of Egyptians, and two or three personages black as ink but with majestic gait and wrapped in huge cloaks. The commander of the boat seemed very much interested in inspecting our fortifications through his glasses. We let him look to his heart's content and went back to lunch, but we were hardly at table when Jackson Bey appeared, covered with mud after a tumble into a puddle near our camp. What was up that the kaimakam should disturb himself thus in such bad weather? We soon found out. The 'Kaïbar' had three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

letters and six boxes for Marchand. Jackson was bringing in person the letters from the Sirdar and from Wingate. As for the boxes, they were to follow.

Kitchener requested Marchand to accept several cases of conserves and some bottles of wine in return for his flowers and vegetables at Fashoda. . . . Another letter contained a dispatch from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in France: —

I am happy to transmit to you the congratulations of the French Government, which appreciates equally and will never forget the services rendered by your companions. You have been promoted to Chef de Bataillon.

The British Government has communicated to us the information received from Kitchener Pasha with regard to your encounter. It is important that I should learn as soon as possible what you can tell me of this affair and the situation previously existing at Fashoda. You will direct one of your officers to bring your report to our diplomatic agency at Cairo, which will telegraph the information to me.

(*Signed*) DELCASSÉ
MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

'You will direct one of your officers to bring your report!' Then the diplomats were having 'conversations' and France was ready to defend her rights. Who knew? Perhaps all was not yet lost. The country understood that England's triumph on the Nile would mark the beginning of our downfall as a colonial power and the end of our foreign policy. After Africa, Asia would follow. It would be known that it sufficed to threaten us and that we would yield, intimidated. But now, in spite of England's threatening attitude, our country was herself again. A truce must have been patched up, the French had stopped eating each other up and, in spite of the sinister predictions of the Sirdar, France would support us. . . .

Marchand selected me to go aboard the 'Kaïbar' and carry the dispatches to Cairo, for he had no time to draw up the complete report that the Government desired. With his dispatches he included a letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, describing the general situation and requesting authority for the Mission to withdraw by way of Abyssinia when it should be relieved of its guard at Fashoda.

The evening of October 20 I reached Cairo, where on the quay M. Lefèvre-Pontalis was waiting to conduct me to the diplomatic agency. There was a great crowd at the station. 'What's the excitement?' I asked M. Lefèvre-Pontalis.

'What's the excitement? Why, you are!'

I had never imagined my arrival would be awaited with so much curiosity and anxiety. A few minutes later we were at the French agency. On the way, M. Lefèvre-Pontalis told me that he had just received orders for me to hurry to France. The boat was leaving Alexandria next day. I had barely time to send my dispatches to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs that night.

Next morning, October 21, I set out for Alexandria with M. Lefèvre-Pontalis. At the station I found Kitchener on his way back to England about to take the same boat as I. At one o'clock that afternoon I was received by our consul at Alexandria, who was waiting to have me lunch with him, and at half-past three I went on board the 'Brésil.'

On October 26, at half-past two in the morning, the steamer anchored outside the port of Joliette, waiting daylight before entering. Instantly a motor-boat, sent out to take me off, came alongside. Half an hour later I was landing on the quay where my mother and my brother Georges were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waiting for me, together with Monsieur Jullemier, Assistant-Secretary of Minister Delcassé, who had orders to guard me and not let me see anyone at Marseille, but to bring me on by the first train.

At five minutes after nine I got into the express train, and Kitchener, who certainly was not neglecting me, got in right behind. The crowd was increasing. Some students from the École Commerciale presented me with the cross of an Officer of the Legion in diamonds, for the *Officiel* had published my nomination that morning. M. Jullemier was disturbed, but luckily for his peace of mind the train started. I had scarcely time to thank the deputation.

He explained he had spread the report in the city that I would not be going until evening, and it was thanks to this diplomatic precaution that more people did not turn up. I saw no more reason for hiding me than for exhibiting me, but then I was not trying to understand such things.

At ten o'clock that evening we pulled into the station. I was in Paris. Leaving Fashoda at noon on October 10, I had traveled night and day for seventeen days without an instant's pause, to get to Paris.

I counted on finding my father and my family at the station, and as the train slowed down I stuck my head half out of the compartment door. The platform was black with people. Shouts rang out. There was an irresistible surge in my direction, the police were submerged, and the crowd jammed against my car. I tried to get out — they grabbed me, kissed me, and carried me off to a special waiting-room before I knew what was happening. There M. Étienne, in the name of French Africa, and Colonel Monteil, and heaven knows who else, made speeches. What did I reply? I have not the least idea. People shook hands with me and kissed me until I was so bewildered I lost track.

They took me at length to a carriage. If there were two thousand people inside the station, there must have been five thousand and perhaps more outside. My carriage could hardly get away from the crowd. People climbed on the steps and looked into the windows, yelling: 'We will stay at Fashoda, we will stay!' Finally the desperate efforts of the police cleared the way for me. Carriages and automobiles followed, covered with flowers, and all along the boulevard there were shouts and acclamations. At midnight the procession stopped at my father's house in the avenue de Villars.

France understood what would happen if we left Fashoda? Then all hope was not yet lost.

On the twenty-seventh of October at eight o'clock in the morning I presented myself at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The usher led me to a room adjoining M. Delcassé's office. I waited a moment before the door opened and the Minister appeared. With swift steps, with arms and eyes raised to heaven, he advanced to me.

'Why were you at Fashoda?'

I replied simply: 'We were at Fashoda because we had orders.'

'What orders?'

'The orders that your predecessor gave us as a result of a report made by Commandant Marchand in 1895, which you have here in your office.'

? ? ? ?

'Well, then, Monsieur le Ministre, I shall tell you why we went to Fashoda. We went there to get security, so that on the day when the Nile question was settled France would have the right to raise her voice to assert the neutrality of the river and to make sure of an outlet to the Bahr el Ghazal or the Bahr el Djebel, without which our colony in the Upper Ubangi cannot live. Finally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we went there so that France, if necessary, could force a conference of the European Powers and settle the Egyptian question.'

'Sit down, Captain.'

Then, seating himself near me, he turned his back to the window and said in a plaintive tone: 'But see now what a mess you've got us into!'

I stopped him.

'We carried out orders, Monsieur le Ministre.'

'And how are things going over there?'

'Excellently, Monsieur le Ministre.'

'If England declares war on us, you people out there will be done for.'

'Oh, Monsieur le Ministre, that is not certain at all, and then I should hardly think that the lives of thirteen Europeans and a hundred and fifty native riflemen would affect the decisions of the Government when the interests and honor of France are at stake.'

M. Delcassé replied bluntly: 'You don't understand the honor of France.'

I started at the words, but held myself in check and turned my head away, for it was too much and I could feel the tears of wrath and sadness rising in my eyes. M. Delcassé came up to me, however, and said: 'Captain, captain, you don't understand me.'

'Yes, Monsieur le Ministre, I do understand.'

I faced about and went out. At seven o'clock that evening M. Jullemier came to the avenue de Villars. The Minister of Foreign Affairs wanted to see me again and would receive me at eight o'clock next morning. At eight o'clock, on October 28, the usher took me to the same room as the day before. M. Delcassé was not yet there. The usher presented his excuses and asked me to wait. At the end of a quarter of an hour M. Delcassé came in. This time he rushed toward me with his two hands held out, shook mine with emotion, and said: 'What you did yesterday delighted me!'

I bowed without reply.

'Look at my hair. It's gone white in a month. You can't expect us to stir things up with a state as powerful as England when we are bleeding on our eastern frontier.'

Then he went back to the same theme as the day before.

'In what condition are you out there? You have n't anything.'

I stopped him.

'I have already told you, Monsieur le Ministre, that we do not lack anything. Marchand has said as much in his dispatches. In the storehouse at Fashoda we have five months' native rations and a year's European rations. We have ammunition and solid fortifications. Moreover, the "Faidherbe," which left Mekhra on the sixteenth of September, must have arrived on the fifteenth of October with reënforcements, rations, and munitions.'

M. Delcassé seemed surprised and made as if to interrupt me, but I went on:—

'Moreover, Fashoda itself is of no importance. We never really hoped to stay there. The Bahr el Ghazal is what interests us, since it assures access to the Nile either by way of Gaba Chambé or by way of Mekhra. We took Fashoda as a gage, in order to get this outlet. Don't give it up without making conditions, without saying a word!'

M. Delcassé took me to the office adjoining the room and asked me to show him some things on the map. While he was sitting at the table littered with papers, I asked: 'What is Russia doing, Monsieur le Ministre?'

'Russia?' M. Delcassé seemed to be hunting for a letter. 'Russia says she will follow us to the end.'

'Well, then, Monsieur le Ministre —'

M. Delcassé's finger ran down the Bahr el Ghazal looking for places to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occupy. Mekhra, Ghyerdiga, Lake No — all without importance as soon as it was decided to evacuate Fashoda. From Lake No the Minister's hand swept to Fashoda and then to Cairo and Alexandria.

'And to think that you might have come home by that way of triumph!'

'Pardon me, Monsieur le Ministre. All Marchand's letters and dispatches insist on not taking that way of triumph, but on coming back through Abyssinia.'

'So you will not regard me as a villain if I make you come back through Abyssinia?'

'Monsieur le Ministre, I can tell you one thing. It was always agreed among us that if you should give us the order to come home by way of Cairo we would not execute it.'

'You give me great pleasure!' M. Delcassé seized my hands and shook them enthusiastically. 'But,' he went on, 'the English will stop you.'

'England cannot keep us from doing what we want over there. She is not capable of it. She can stop the "Faidherbe," and in that case we will sink our boat and retire into Abyssinia by the land route. I reconnoitred it before leaving Fashoda. We are not afraid of the battalion that the Sirdar left near us. On land we will go where we please. As for coming out by way of Cairo — never!'

With this statement which, according to M. Delcassé, fulfilled all his desires, I bade him farewell in greater despair than the day before. Only one little hope remained — the colonial group and M. Étienne. It was worth trying.

At four o'clock in the afternoon I went to the Chamber of Deputies and in a private room reserved for Deputies I explained to M. Étienne our situation on the Nile and told him of M. Delcassé's decision to evacuate Fashoda. The result of this was that I had to leave ahead of time. Next day, the twenty-ninth of October, the morning papers carried a protest drawn up by M. Étienne and signed by a hundred Deputies who refused to allow M. Delcassé to settle the Nile question himself outside the Chamber. At ten o'clock I received orders to appear at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

The moment I came in I found the Minister in the same mood as on the first day. Obviously M. Étienne's protest annoyed him, but he said nothing about it.

'You must go at once. A boat is leaving Marseille to-morrow. You will take it. Passage will be reserved for you by telegraph for reasons of state. You'll leave on this evening's express, but — what will your family say?'

'I don't understand Monsieur le Ministre. You say that reasons of state make it necessary for me to go. What have my family affairs to do with it?'

'Well, then, good-bye.' And before I could go he caught me in his arms.

As I went out I turned.

'What instructions shall I give to Marchand? Shall I come for them?'

'No, you'll find them there.'

That evening I got into the express train at the Gare de Lyon after having been in Paris for three days' leave. Next day I was in Marseille and at four o'clock I was on board, saying farewell to France once more, but with what sorrow and what sadness!

I disembarked at Port Said at eleven o'clock in the morning of the fourth of November and found a little steamer of the Suez Canal Company waiting to take me immediately to Ismaïlia. It was six o'clock in the evening when we came alongside the wharf at Ismaïlia. Marchand was waiting. He jumped aboard. His eye questioned mine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anxiously and I replied with a gesture of despair: 'Everything is lost.' Marchand had been expecting that reply, but in spite of everything he had kept a gleam of hope. Now it was all over. After a moment of silence he asked: 'Have you the Government's instructions?'

'No. Monsieur Delcassé told me that I should find them here.'

'Ah. He has just telegraphed me that you were bringing them.'

It was evident that the Minister wanted to wait until my return should have prepared Marchand for the order which he intended to send him. That evening when we reached Cairo we telegraphed to Paris. . . .

On our way I recounted to Marchand the story of my visit to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Marchand had expected the whole thing from the moment of his arrival in Cairo. Reading the newspapers that very morning he discovered what means the Sirdar had employed to spread the impression that we should have been lost if he had not saved us.

As a matter of fact, Kitchener had not hesitated to telegraph that our post at Fashoda was a camp lost in mud, that the Egyptian troops were occupying a strong position and blocked our line of retreat. Finally he even dared to assert that Marchand had said in so many words: 'If there had been a new dervish attack we should have been lost, for we had no more rations and no more cartridges.' Before leaving Ismaïlia, Marchand sent M. Delcassé a dispatch denying the Sirdar's statements and begging the Minister not to ask us to withdraw by way of the Ubangi and the Congo.

On November 5 the whole French colony received us in the Club — an evening whose memory will never fade. When the president strove to give utterance to the emotions of all the Frenchmen who stood about him, sobs choked his voice, and when Marchand, after having spoken of our sad and dismal hours, sought to console them and to raise their courage and their hope, everyone, without exception, wept.

To these touching demonstrations, which our compatriots gave us in numbers every day, there were added others which, discreet though they were, seemed no less touching and made us sadder still. What the Egyptian officers said to Marchand on the posts along the Nile, 'We hope that France will stay at Fashoda,' all the Egyptians were thinking; and in spite of the rumors of evacuation which got about after our return Egypt was still hoping. The whole country was trembling. We could hardly go out for a walk without stirring up manifestations. One day we got out of our carriage to buy some cigarettes. In an instant the place was filled with people and, without a shout or a word, all the Egyptians uncovered before us. One day we went to the Park of Giza, and coming back to Cairo encountered a line of carriages in which the harem of the Khedive was riding. As they passed us, all these ladies unveiled. We had never seen anything quite so strange and were very much amused, but when we told the story to M. Lefèvre-Pontalis and some others that evening they were astounded. It was, they said, the greatest honor that could be rendered to a man, and the ladies could not have done it save by the order of the Khedive himself.

The Khedive had often asked to see Marchand, but the Government had not permitted the visit, which might have offended Lord Cromer. Poor Khedive!

From the day when the news had spread along the Nile: 'The French are at Fashoda!' Egypt had lifted her head anew, as if at a cry of hope and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deliverance, and to-day she let it sink upon her breast with the weary gesture of a captive. The evacuation of Fashoda was official. The last chance of salvation had disappeared.

On November 7 we received one after another the following telegrams.

To COMMANDANT MARCHAND: —

Having regard to the general interests of France, the Government has decided not to maintain itself at Fashoda.

In giving you orders to withdraw the Mission to Djibuti, it takes occasion to renew its congratulations and the expression of its gratitude to you and to the personnel of your command. Your services will not be forgotten.

On receipt of this dispatch you will proceed to Fashoda with Captain Baratier. Thence you will proceed to Djibuti by way of the Sobat River with your supplies. Arrangements have been made to equip you as soon as possible with warm clothing and the other articles which Captain Baratier indicated.

(*Signed*) GUILLAIN
MINISTER OF COLONIES

At the same time the Minister of Foreign Affairs telegraphed: —

PARIS, *November* 7, 1898

M. DELCASSÉ to
M. LEFÈVRE-PONTALIS: —

Inform Commandant Marchand that the higher interests of France alone have determined the decision of the Government and that all explanations to be made in the Chamber will do honor to the Mission and its chief.

Inform him also that, in conformity with his desire and my own feelings, I have procured authorization from the Government for the Mission to continue its journey by way of the Sobat toward Djibuti. For thirty months the Mission has shown rare courage, and it will now know how to show an equal prudence, not losing sight of the fact that it is France which is ultimately responsible for our words and deeds. Request the British agency which has already kindly offered us its services, to facilitate the return to Fashoda of Commandant Marchand and Captain Baratier, who have instructions to take the Mission to Djibuti.

Marchand, then, had secured what he wanted. Nothing was left for us save to prepare for departure. After several interviews between Marchand and Wingate, all the details of the evacuation and the return journey were settled, and our own departure was fixed for the thirteenth of November.

At ten o'clock in the evening we reached the station platform. All the French colony was sadly assembled in silence to shake hands with us for the last time. It was with profound emotion that we kissed M. Lefèvre-Pontalis, who through so many days had shared our agonies and our sorrows, and we started south toward Fashoda.

Scarcely had we landed there when we were surrounded by our officers and noncommissioned officers. To their questioning glances we replied only by a gesture of despair. As soon as we arrived, Marchand decided upon December 11 for our withdrawal. Seven officers, two noncommissioned officers, one hundred and fifty riflemen, and fifty auxiliaries set out toward the Sobat with the 'Faidherbe,' and five metal barges carried the rest of the baggage. Two officers and thirty-two riflemen formed the principal group, which went to the Baro overland. As for the native provisions in our storehouses, we made a present of them to Jackson. We had taken with us all that we could carry, but there were still twenty tons to deliver to the English. It was our only possible revenge for the reports

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spread by the Sirdar that we, poor wretches, were on the verge of famine!

The boats were ready, the loading had begun. I went to make arrangements with Colonel Jackson for his salute to our flag, as he had expressed a wish to render honors to the French colors on the day of our departure. Marchand directed me to thank him, at the same time explaining that we should not render similar honors to the English flag if he hoisted it in our presence, since French diplomacy recognized no rights except those of Egypt, and never those of England.

Jackson, suddenly smitten with fear of getting into trouble with his own diplomats, gave up his original idea and simply agreed to have his battalion render honors as our flotilla passed his camp. At five o'clock in the evening of the ninth the 'Tamaï' arrived with Colonel Maxwell, who had come to take possession of the fort.

At seven, at Colonel Jackson's invitation, we went to luncheon with the English officers for the last time. When luncheon was over, Jackson rose and with charming directness said: —

'When we were on our way from Omdurman to Fashoda we met the dervishes whom you had beaten. On their boat, which was no longer able to move, we captured the standard of the Amir Saïd Sogheir. If you had had your boat, the "Faidherbe," on the day of the fight, it would have been you who captured the flag. All we had to do was to pick it up. It belongs to you. Will you accept it?' And he held out to Marchand the Mahdist standard.

It would have been impossible to think of anything more delicate or tactful. We thanked Colonel Jackson with sincere emotion, and our grateful memory of him is the only pleasant thought of those dark moments we lived through on December 11.

For the last time our trumpets sounded reveille along the Nile. Sadly each man made ready. The fatal hour had struck. The riflemen were drawn up along the wall of the fort, facing the flagpole in the centre of the redoubt from which the French flag still floated. At a gesture from Marchand, Largeau brought the command to present arms. The trumpets sounded 'Au drapeau' and slowly, as the guns roared, our flag came down.

It was all over. A few minutes later the English colors would go up to the top of the pole. An Egyptian officer appeared to receive the fort and, while the men went on board, Marchand turned it over. As a final mark of delicate consideration, Colonel Jackson had not sent any English officers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MODERN GREEK: MIDDLEMAN OF CULTURE

BY PROFESSOR PAUL JACOBSTHAL

From *Der Neue Merkur, July*
(Berlin Literary Monthly)

Greece and her people are really less known to-day than the other Balkan States and their inhabitants, because they are wrongly associated with Ancient Greece and, measured by her standard, are found wanting. It is hard for a nation that dwells amid the ruins of ancient temples to be expected to produce a Homer or a Phidias.

During the last century Europe's attitude toward Greece has changed radically. One hundred years ago a romantic friendship for that country was universal. Goethe and Byron were its notable exponents. All Western Europe watched the reviving nation's struggle for freedom against its Turkish oppressors with sympathy and active interest. The poems of Byron and the paintings of Delacroix glorified a heroic struggle which a humanist age insisted upon viewing in the light of Salamis and Marathon. Greece was a land that many dreamed about and few saw, for a tour of Greece at a time when Italy represented 'Farthest East' for cultivated and wealthy Europeans was a rare experience indeed. Greece was remoter then than is the Orient to-day.

Our modern conception of Greece, on the other hand, is very complex. With the decline of humanism, the reflected glory of her past no longer makes the same appeal that it did to an earlier generation. The enthusiasm of our fathers has been replaced by a sort of disillusioned antipathy. We are apt to form our opinion of the Greeks to-day from such romantic stories as Edmond About's *King of the Mountains*, or else from the trivial caricatures in our funny papers that represent all the inhabitants of the Balkan Peninsula as bandits and sheep thieves.

We shall get little help for a sober appraisal of the modern Greeks from the speculations concerning their racial derivation popular a couple of generations ago. To be sure, there is a very obvious difference between the handsome type we find, for example, on the island of Chios, where a boy's head and profile will often remind one strikingly of an ancient Greek statue, and the commonplace features of a Bœotian or Attic peasant, whose Albanian speech confirms his alien origin. But closer investigation and more intimate familiarity with the people themselves will reveal little difference between the intellectual inheritance of these apparently distinct types. The average Greek, lithe, agile, and tawny, impresses us Northerners as very different from ourselves, and his psychic contradictions appear equally marked. When in repose he seems stupid, lethargic, more 'Turkish' than the Turks. His mental life seems to lie deeper beneath the surface than it does with us. Whoever has sojourned in a Greek village, in any part of the country, and has seen the men sitting in the cafés smoking nargiles day after day, and the women cowering with animal-like contentment over the hearth, is aware of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something Oriental about the people, as if the Turk had left an indelible imprint on the race.

Then suddenly, when politics, business, or a current event of interest is discussed, this lethargy vanishes in a flash, big black eyes, so suggestive of Byzantine mosaics, sparkle, voices rise, hands wave and gesticulate. The apparently passive and lethargic villager instantly becomes intensely alert and active — a Greek of the *Odyssey*, a kinsman of the South Italian and the Spaniard. . . . But when we compare him with his Mediterranean cousins we find he lacks the dignity of the Spaniard, and the intellectual grace of the Italian.

The social structure of Greece is radically different from that of any country in Western Europe. The hard and fast social classification that capitalist industry has created among our people is entirely absent there. In spite of a few prosperous factories in Piræus, Patras, Volos, and Saloniki, Greece is still an agrarian State, living in a pre-capitalistic and pre-industrial age. This is fundamental and must be kept in mind in forming any judgment of the country. A rudimentary Socialist movement, occasionally represented in Parliament by one or two deputies, and servilely fashioned on the model of Western Europe, finds a few converts in a very limited group of factory workers, whose discontent — we cannot call it class-consciousness — dates from since the war, when rising prices and a depreciated currency have completely upset the old relation between wages and the cost of living. There are a few *neoplutoi* — or newly rich — and a very few true proletarians — if we disregard the recent refugees from Asia Minor. Except for a few thousand wage-earners, every Greek owns a piece of land and a head or two of live stock, and every career in the country is open to him. In a word, the contrasts we know in Western Europe between town and country, between peasant and artisan, between manual worker and brain worker, and even between rich and poor, are largely absent.

Although, as is natural in so small a country, the university, the polytechnic, and the principal theatre are in Athens, culture is not monopolized by the metropolis or even by the larger towns. Differences between city and country in architecture, ways of living, and culture, are far less marked than in Western Europe. A well-organized system of public schools — Greece ranks well up among European countries in respect to literacy — gives the residents of even the remotest village a chance to secure an elementary education. But what raises the intellectual level of these places above the usual peasant's standard is the Greek's love of his birthplace. Men who leave these humble villages to win wealth and distinction in the professions or in trade usually return to them when they retire, or at least maintain a residence there. Only at Athens are there families who have been city dwellers for three successive generations. Practically every Greek resident of Patras, Volos, and other towns, whether a merchant, a shipping man, or an official, regards some humble little village as his true home, where he at least owns a cottage and an olive orchard, and spends his holidays with his relatives.

I am frequently a guest of such a family, in a luxurious white villa on the sea, built from the profits of exported tobacco and cotton-trading in Alexandria. The daughters, who were educated in a Swiss pension, speak French and German, and play Wagner on a Steinway piano. One of the sons is an engineer educated at Dresden, who is at present building a railway in America. The second son is in the diplomatic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

service. We all sit down at table together. The grandfather and grandmother wear their typical peasant garb, and eat the peasant dishes that are always served with the other menu. I confess their table manners are not above reproach. Although they sit in silence while the conversation jumps from French to German, they are quite at their ease. The young engineer, the diplomat, the grandchildren with their perfect Lausanne manners, are not mortified because grandfather eats with his knife, and the old folks are immensely proud because their son has made a fortune, because their grandchildren are polished 'society folks,' and they find nothing whatever to criticize in their new and unfamiliar ways. In spite of long sojourns abroad or in Europe, the children when they come back still take a practical interest in the affairs of the farm. They want to know all about the live stock and the olive crop, and they are not afraid to take off their coats and go to work if it is in the busy season.

Let me give from my personal experience another example of a typical distribution of occupations in a family living in the Pelion Mountains of Thessaly. The father farms in the neighborhood of a big village and does cabinetwork on the side. One of his brothers is a fisherman, another a priest, and another a lawyer. Of his sons one is a peasant, a second an army officer, and a third a physician. Of his daughters one is married to a peasant, another to a retail merchant in Marseille, and a third to an officer on duty in Macedonia. But these varied occupations have not loosened in the slightest the family ties. They all visit together with their different clothing, manners, education, as harmoniously as if they had never left the paternal roof. They remain peasants at heart to the last, strange as this may sound to people who think of 'Greek' and 'trader' as synonymous.

Nevertheless, we can appraise the Greek best through the merchant, through the vocation in which he has chiefly called down upon himself the wrath of Europeans who do not understand the East. The dictum that the Greek is a deceiver and a liar is about as true as the statement that cats are treacherous. It merely means that the business practices of a Greek justify this description when measured by the conventional commercial standards of the West. But if a person assumes beforehand that impulsive promises mean nothing; that they are valid only for the moment and should not be taken seriously; that when a Greek says tomorrow he means either never or next year; that when he says five drachmas he really means one drachma, he will avoid much irritation and misunderstanding, and acquire a more appreciative opinion of the nation.

Another common criticism is that the Greeks waste a person's time. In fact, a Greek never plunges directly into business. His rules of courtesy demand that a patron who enters his establishment shall be entertained with coffee, confections, and conversation; that a thousand other things shall be discussed before the real matter in hand. A Greek invariably trades as a dilettante — that is, *con diletto*, from love of trading. For him trading is not something apart, a separate profession, but an art absorbing the whole man. The American idea that a merchant or a commercial traveler should close as many deals as possible every day, should begin to talk business the moment he enters the door, is incomprehensible and uncanny to the Greek. Moreover, if we once divest ourselves of our largely superstitious reverence for time, we may find the Greek attitude the wiser; for when men deal with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each other as men, and make of business a human and social function, they dignify and enrich it in a way unknown in America and Western Europe.

This same disregard for time underlies the practice of haggling over prices, so irritating to the stranger. Our idea that fixed prices, scientifically determined, are a sign of business solidity and responsibility — are an ethical plus, so to speak — is unknown to the Greek. Prices are fixed in the East by a process of exceedingly skillful fencing, in which endless laudation, criticism, and comparison of wares are employed. A price is a variable quantity, the product of such vital factors as expert knowledge of goods, and the persuasiveness and eloquence of the bargainers. The charm of trading for a Greek lies far less in dry calculations set down on paper than in this matching of wits with his opponent.

The Greek merchant is a dilettante also in the sense that he is seldom specially trained for his profession. A man who was selling olives yesterday may sell cloth to-day. An attorney becomes a representative of a Vienna silk-stocking factory. A physician exports tobacco as a side line, while continuing his practice. Any man who owns a farm in Greece must be a sharp trader to sell his produce to advantage. The Greeks owe their success in business less to the instruction they receive in their commercial colleges, which are for the most part rather inferior institutions, or to a regular apprenticeship, than to their native alertness, a readiness to adjust themselves to new conditions, a keen sense of values and qualities in goods, and an instinctive appreciation of the tastes and needs of other people.

The resistance to specialization that the Greeks exhibit in mercantile pursuits manifests itself also in other vocations. The commander of a coasting vessel seldom isolates himself in royal seclusion upon the bridge even in rough weather. He prefers to mingle with the passengers on deck without wearing the iron mask of office, smoking, chatting, and interrupting his conversation now and then to give an order or to change the course. A stranger is apt to think this slack or reckless, and to consider making his will at once; but he gradually learns that this way of doing things also works. Similar survivals of a pre-technical age can be studied in the manner of the skillful chauffeurs who run the government motor-coaches, or among the railway employees. A new arrival is irritated by the lack of punctuality, the apparent irresponsibility, the waste of time, that he encounters in these services. Little by little, however, he falls under the spell of the ample leisureliness of the East, and learns to admire the happy nation that can use the dehumanizing inventions of the West without selling its soul to them.

Even in the army, where every effort has been made to introduce a Prussian discipline, the irrepressible sociableness of the Greek continues to defy all artificial barriers between fellow men. Theoretically the code of conduct between officers and common soldiers and between professors and students has been made excessively exacting, but it does not withstand the slightest emotional strain. I recall vividly how a high officer who had received his military training in Paris thanked me for a special service I was able to render him — not by a salute, but by folding his arms across his breast and bowing nearly double. . . .

Two languages are spoken to-day in Greece — a popular tongue and a learned tongue, differing radically from each other in both vocabulary and syntax. The latter is the language of the Church, the law courts, science, Parliament, the press. The former is the ordinary medium of communication,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

especially among women and all classes whose speech is not influenced by the newspapers. The sentence, 'The shoemaker has two goats and a horse at his house,' is in the popular tongue: *O paputzes echei dyo katzikes kai ena a[logos' to spiti tu*, and in the literary language: *O ypodematopoios echei dyo aigas kai ena ippon en te oikia tu.* This is a fair average example of the difference between the two forms of speech. Only the article, verb, numerals, the particle 'and,' and the pronoun 'his' are the same in both. In the popular version, two of the nouns, 'shoemaker' and 'goat,' are of Turkish derivation, while the word for 'house' is of Latin origin. The high Greek or classical form would be used in such a sentence as the one given only by a schoolmaster, by a purist attorney in pleading a case, or by a professor lecturing to his students.

When a Greek boy comes to school, he learns the literary Greek names for the things that are most familiar to him, for bread, wine, oil, horse, shirt, house — yes, for father and mother — as if they were the words of a foreign language. The words he learned with his mother's milk are pounded out of him. The principal task of the schoolteacher is to fight his pupil's mother tongue. But this is necessary, because every textbook, every aid to higher education, every public document, is in the literary language. A person who does not expect to spend his life as the women and shepherds and sailors do, entirely in the household or in humble circles, must be able at least to understand High Greek. Moreover, the labor of the schoolroom is continued throughout life. Anyone who has watched a course of instruction in the Greek army will recall that a good part of the time is spent in translating tactics and army regulations from the language of Xenophon into the patois of the country recruits. No peasant witness in court ever knows exactly what is going on because, out of respect for Themis and her mundane representatives, the proceedings are to him in the deadest of dead languages. On one occasion, in a little village community upon a Greek island, I was asked to translate an important letter from the bishop because the local priest was unable to do so.

This difficulty is accentuated when it becomes necessary not only to read but also to write. Since school-children are never taught to write their mother tongue, but only the literary language, their command of the written speech is most uncertain. I once read several hundred letters from soldiers, all of whom were members of a military unit that had participated in an important battle well worth a description. Not a single soldier was sufficiently master of the literary language — I do not refer to the orthography, which is another tremendous stumblingblock — to describe clearly what he had seen and experienced, and what must surely have presented itself with extraordinary vividness to his mind. It was as if a high-school student who had taken an ordinary course in Latin composition had been called upon to describe a great personal experience in the language of Cæsar and Cicero. I observed how complicated this linguistic problem is on still another occasion, when I was trying to teach an intelligent lieutenant of engineers a little German. For example, when I said 'the hand,' or 'the bread,' he would pronounce these words and their Greek equivalents in the spoken language: *to cheri* and *to psomi*, but simultaneously his lead pencil would write down *e cheir* and *o artos*, the classical Greek synonyms.

The spoken language is an organic growth, containing innumerable words of Latin, Turkish, and Italian derivation, and reflecting in its very substance and construction the life history

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the people. Yet it has been evolved from classical Greek, to which it bears the same relation that modern Italian does to Latin. It is the only tongue in which a mother can talk to her children, the only tongue in which a folklore and real poetry are possible. On the other hand, it is incapable of expressing abstract ideas, scientific thought, or anything beyond fireside gossip and the needs of everyday life. Beyond that limit High Greek is indispensable.

When the kingdom of Greece was founded about 1830, a people that for generations had not been permitted to rise above the cultural level of shepherds, fishermen, and sailors was suddenly faced with the necessity of organizing an administration, an army, a system of education, and the other requisites of a modern State. The reverence for the classics then universal, reënforced by the archaic linguistic tendencies the people had inherited from their forbears, resulted in an attempt to adapt ancient Greek to these purposes, instead of developing the nascent living literary language that was beginning to appear in the West Greek islands under the influence of Italian culture. Philologists found this task comparatively easy, because classical Greek accommodates itself better than any other ancient language to the demands of modern philosophy, jurisprudence, military tactics, and, with a little inventive fancy, even science and engineering. No one can dispute the capacity of High Greek for the task that has been set for it. It is indeed a unique phenomenon that in contrast with other languages all the new abstract and scientific terms — for instance, 'induction,' 'distillation,' 'emancipation' — are taken from its own vocabulary, and not borrowed from foreign tongues. The Greek did not have to start out with the alien word 'bicycle' and later simplify it into the vernacular but semi-ambiguous word 'wheel'; he began with *podelation*.

The language question in Greece is not a problem confined to the debates of philologists and school-teachers; it is a subject in which every educated citizen takes a lively interest as vitally affecting the culture and intellectual future of the nation. Unhappily opinions are often influenced by political or sectarian prejudices. The ardent partisanship these sometimes arouse is illustrated by what happened at Athens in 1902, when blood was shed by students who attacked the editorial offices of a newspaper that had ventured to print a fragment of a translation of the Bible in the popular tongue.

High Greek enthusiasts imagine that they can root out the vernacular entirely. They speak their classical Greek, with all its archaic datives and infinitives. On the other hand, radical champions of the vulgar tongue not only translate the Scriptures into it, but even try to use it in the discussion of abstract and philosophical themes. While they often go to absurd lengths in their championship of the language of the common people, they are the only ones who have been able to produce anything promising in the way of creative literature. . . .

Moreover, I learned from a high officer with whom I was intimately associated, both personally and in official service, for a year and a half, that there are several transitional forms between the popular Greek and High Greek. This officer invariably discriminated with great nicety among these four or five linguistic variants according as he was making an official report to the commanding general, or holding a semi-official conference with an adjutant or myself, or engaged in confidential conversation at the club, or giving an order to an inferior. Of the four possible designations for a soldier — *oplites*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stratiotes, andres, fantaroi—as we might say, soldiers, privates, men, 'boys'—he always chose the one suited to his interlocutor and used it with its peculiar inflections.

A person who wanders about Athens with open eyes cannot fail to notice the striking juxtaposition of the East and the West on every hand. This has a peculiar charm for the carefree visitor, but it constitutes a serious problem for the future of the country. On one side of the street he will find a fashionable French restaurant or an English tearoom, and on the other a tavern from which drift pungent and unmistakable odors of the Orient. Indeed, there are as many transitions in dietary as in language. The peasants stick to the traditional native fare; the cosmopolitan Greek of the upper class adopts the menu of Western Europe. Between the two is a broad middle class that mingles French dishes with *lukumades*, *vaklava*, and *halva* inherited from the Turks. A Bach suite is being played in a residence, while in front a hand organ — manufactured in Naples — grinds out a *laterna*, a popular patriotic air, or a melody from an Italian opera. Simultaneously a group of sailors in a tavern on the corner will be dancing to the accompaniment of a long-drawn-out folk-song air, the time and rhythm of which have been borrowed from Byzantine church music unfamiliar to European ears.

Greece is therefore a nation divided against itself, with a division that reaches down to the deepest foundations of society. . . . And the effect of this is the more tragic because the division exists in the heart and mind of every individual. One sees the following notice in any post office: 'Mail leaves to-day for Europe.' The Greeks do not think of their country as Europe. On the other hand, they regard the Turks with the traditional feeling of the Hellene for the barbarian, a sentiment reënforced by their pride in their Christian faith.

The European, especially the blond North European of the English type, is looked upon as a being of a higher order, and whatever he brings is desirable. Progress means for the Greek the adoption of European clothing, manners, laws, music, and literature. All the intellectual striving of the country strains toward that goal. The people possess in a high degree the ready adaptability of the East, and a Greek will assimilate in a short time an astounding amount of European or American culture. He is the natural pioneer of Europe's civilization in more backward lands. A Greek sutler or trader was to be found at every advance post of Europe in Persia or South Africa before the war. To his honor let us add that in spite of this adaptability, this apparent plasticity, he is never disloyal to his blood, and remains a devoted lover of his homeland. If he acquires wealth his first thought is to aid his poorer compatriots. The great fortunes that Greeks have acquired in Russia, Egypt, and America are part of the national patrimony.

Many a city school and rural school has been founded by immigrants returning from America, whose clothing and close-cropped moustaches distinguish them among their fellow countrymen for a long time after they have reëstablished themselves in their native villages.

So far as acquiring mere civilization is concerned — adopting European inventions in agriculture, manufacturing, transportation, and the army — conditions in Greece are not different from those in any other country where a primitive society has rapidly taken on the improvements of more highly developed nations. The real problem begins with the assimilation of European culture.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EIGHT GLIMPSES OF THE 'ODYSSEY'

BY HUGH MACNAGHTEN

From the *National Review, September*
(London Tory Monthly)

I wonder whether there is anyone who can honestly say that he prefers the *Iliad* to the *Odyssey*. There may be greater passages in the *Iliad*. Personally I think there are, but whereas interest never slackens in the *Odyssey*, for even the last two books if disappointing are never dull, the reader needs a keen appetite and a strong digestion if, after reading the many pages of the *Iliad* which are given up to carnage, he still asks for more. In my judgment, the *Iliad* gains if it is read not as a whole but in selections; the *Odyssey* must be read from the first line to the last if it is to be fully appreciated, but selections, as I hope to prove, need not altogether fail to convey some idea of its surpassing beauty.

Odysseus, of course, is the hero of the *Odyssey*, but who is the heroine? Penelope is with us throughout the poem, but she has nothing heroic in her character. Penelope never stands up for her rights; she is consistently snubbed by her own son, and the little influence that she has with others is due to her personal beauty, and not to any charm of mind or gifts of intellect. There is no trace of infinite variety in her: she rarely disappoints our expectations, but we should like her much better if she did. She rather enjoys the luxury of a good cry. She protests again and again that she is full of sorrow, but this only proves that her thoughts seldom lie too deep for tears or words. Readers of the *Odyssey* have noticed that she rarely if ever refers to Odysseus by name, but speaks of him as 'my husband,' or 'that ill-fated one,' because, it is suggested, to name him would be to tear open the old wound. Personally I think that she finds a certain pleasure in inventing a periphrasis, and would rather speak of him as 'my lion-hearted husband' or 'that ill-fated one' because Odysseus would sound comparatively dull.

Coining phrases and weaving a web are, in fact, almost her only occupations. Hers is a very languid existence. The dream is sent to comfort her, and succeeds in doing so, for she awakes and all her heart is warm. But a woman who is comforted by such vague assurances as the dream gives has never sounded the depths of sorrow. It is characteristic of Homer's delightful simplicity that the dream vanishes through the keyhole. There is a childlike naïveté in this egress, which has a very special charm. Now let us go back to the dream's first entry, and let Homer tell the story. The dream speaks to the sleeping Penelope, wearing the likeness of her sister Iphione.

'Asleep, Penelope, and grieved at heart?
Yet, sure, the gods who live at ease assign
Nor tears nor grief to you: he comes again,
Your son: against the gods he never sinned.'
Then answered her the wise Penelope,
Slumbering sweetly at the gates of dreams,
'Why, sister, are you here, unused to come
In former days, who dwell so far away?
What? Bid you me to cease from allthe griefs,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Those many griefs that vex my heart and soul
For him, my lion-hearted husband true,
Famed for all excellence among the Greeks?
And now the son I love has gone to sea,
A child, unused to toil, in speech unskilled.
Less for my husband than my son I mourn,
Nay tremble, fearful lest he come to harm
Among the folk he visits, or at sea.
For many enemies plot against the boy,
Eager to slay him that he come not home.'
To her the phantom-shadow made reply:
'Take heart; be not too fearful in thy mind;
So good a guide has he, whom other men
Have prayed to lead them (who can lead so well?) —
Pallas Athene. She has sent me here
To tell you this, in pity for your grief.'
Answered again the wise Penelope,
'If goddess, or by any god inspired,
Tell me the truth of that unhappy man,
Say, lives he still and sees the light o' the sun,
Or is he dead and in the darkness hid?'
And answer made to her the phantom dim,
'Of him or dead or living I will give
No certain tidings: idle words are ill.'
So spoke the dream, and through the keyhole passed
Into thin air; woke with a sudden start
Penelope, and all her heart was warm.

It will be noticed that Penelope insists on thinking of her son Telemachus as a child. A malicious reader might suggest that she does this to disguise her own age; in that case Telemachus takes a somewhat unworthy revenge on his mother by snubbing her persistently. There is a very beautiful modern poem in which an English mother, whose son has fallen in the Boer War, sobs, 'My son, my little son,' and that is the most moving line in the poem. There is, for me, no such pathos in the words or the thoughts of Penelope.

Let us leave her now, safe in bed, and pass to her husband, the gallant adventurer, who loves to live dangerously, struggling against adversity. He has lately left Calypso's island, in the raft which he made for himself with admirable skill, and all had gone well till the lord of the sea, Poseidon, his inveterate enemy, who had never forgiven him for blinding his son Polyphemus, happened to catch sight of him as he looked from the Solyman mountains over the wide expanse of the waves. Consequently in a few minutes the raft has been shattered and Odysseus is fighting for his life.

I choose this passage simply as a single illustration of the many dangers which Odysseus encounters and by his resourcefulness overcomes while his wife is crying in tolerable comfort, or talking to her maids in the women's apartments of the Ithacan palace. As to the island Corcyra, the land of the Phæacians, though I have seen it more than once I must admit that it never suggested to me the thought of a shield. It is true that I saw it from the deck of a ship and not from a raft: that might make some difference. And after all, any hilly island might look, more or less, like a shield. But why keep Homer waiting any longer?

Seven days and ten he sailed the wide, wide sea
And sighted on the next the nearest point
Of that Phæacian coast with shadowy hills,
Most like a shield upon the misty sea.
Him, as he sailed, the shaker of the earth,
Returning home from Ethiopia,
Spied from the Solyman mountains, and the more
Wroth, shook his head and raged within his heart.
'Oh! sin and shame. The gods, when I was far,
Touching Odysseus have unsaid their say,
And lo! he nears Phæacia, where an end
Of all his haunting ills the Fates ordain:
But I shall drive him through sore trouble yet.'
He spoke and massed the clouds and stirred the deep,
The trident in his hand, and roused the blasts
Of every wind, and overwhelmed with clouds
Both land and sea: and night came up from heaven.
Clashed South and East, clashed with the stormy West
The icy North, rolling a mighty wave.
Then shook Odysseus' knees, and sick at heart
He cried to his great soul indignantly:
'Oh! wretched me: is this the end of all?
I fear the goddess' words were wholly true
That I, before I reached my home, at sea
Should suffer much: and all is here fulfilled.
With such a scowl of cloud Zeus hides the sky,
And stirs the deep, while onward sweep the blasts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of all the winds: my doom is sure, is here.
Oh! thrice and four times blest the men who died
In vasty Troy, to pleasure Atreus' sons.
Would God that I had died by such a fate
When Trojan multitudes rained bronze enow
On me defending Peleus' fallen son.
Due rites had then been mine, and fame at home;
But I was doomed this sorry death to die.

We can hardly fail to notice, in this passage, the fear of the sea, so characteristic of the Greeks in ancient days. Thus Aristotle gravely asserts that a man would be a lunatic if he were not afraid of the waves. Not less striking and not less characteristically Greek is a certain want of self-restraint in the hero of the *Odyssey*, when death is imminent. A brave Englishman would shrink from expressing in words a thought of fear. Odysseus is an exceptionally brave Greek and yet his knees tremble and he is not the least ashamed to confess that he is afraid. Similarly when the Greeks were shut up in the wooden horse, with the single exception of Neoptolemus, son of Achilles, all the others shed tears for fear. I am sure that the poet loved his hero too well to represent him as doing anything which a Greek would have thought unbecoming to the Happy Warrior. The point is that absolute fearlessness would seem to Homer the characteristic of a brute rather than of a hero.

In any case the contrast in the characters of Odysseus and Penelope is abundantly clear. Odysseus has as much in common with the sea-captains and adventurers of Elizabeth's time as Penelope has with Sir Walter Scott's women, except Jeanie Deans. Odysseus loved living dangerously; can anyone imagine Penelope accompanying him, even on the least dangerous of his many quests? But is there no woman in the *Odyssey* who is worthy to be matched with Shakespeare's women? With Rosalind or Imogen? I think there is: her name is Nausicaa, and I am coming to her now.

The whole of the sixth book is delightful. Nausicaa, at the suggestion of the disguised Athene, proposes to her mother, the queen, that she should take the household linen to the river, and with the help of her maidens wash it there. As in the *Iliad*, so in the *Odyssey*, *noblesse oblige*. This businesslike, but not, in Homer, unpoetical, proposal is welcomed by her father, who offers to lend her a wagon — I had almost said a wagonette. The clothes for the wash are brought out very quickly — indeed, everything in Homer goes trippingly. Nausicaa takes the whip and reins, and the party starts, handmaidens and all. As soon as the business of washing the linen is satisfactorily concluded, Nausicaa begins a game of ball: presently one of her handmaids misses a catch, the ball falls into the water, the girls cry 'Oh!' all at once, and Odysseus, who had been miraculously — but part of the miracle was his own resourcefulness and endurance — saved from drowning, after the wreck of his raft, is awakened from sleep by the shout of the maidens. He had been sleeping on a bed of leaves, under cover of a thick bush. Covert was indispensable, for the sea had stripped him naked; but human help was no less indispensable, if he was to get food and raiment, and here were maidens to whom he might appeal.

Homer simply loves to get his hero into a difficult situation, that he may task to the utmost his boundless resourcefulness in devising a way out. The present case is awkward enough, but Odysseus has made up his mind in a moment. Grasping a leafy branch in his hand, to cover his nakedness, he comes forth from the bush; the shocked handmaidens scatter right and left; Nausicaa alone holds her ground;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Odysseus keeps his distance and addresses her. What he says to her is the subject of my next selection.

'Have mercy, queen, or mortal or divine—
Oh! if divine, most like, among the gods,
To Artemis, the child of mighty Zeus,
In stature and in presence and in form.
But if a mortal, dwelling on this earth,
No father and no lady mother, no
Brothers so blest as yours: their hearts, I ween,
Are ever glad and warm at sight of you,
Of you, the fairest blossom in the dance.
And blest at heart beyond the rest is he
Who wins and woos with gifts and leads you home.
For never have these eyes so fair a sight,
Nor man nor woman, seen: I gaze with awe.
But once, in Delos, I beheld the like,
Beside Apollo's shrine, a tender palm.
For thither, too, I went, and led an host
Upon the way, where trouble was to be.
Ev'n as for long I marveled at the palm,
For never rose from earth a shoot so fair,
So now I marvel, lady, sore afraid
To clasp thy knees; yet grief have I enow.
Tossed twenty days, yestreen I scaped the sea,
Borne hither from the isle Ogygia
By winds and waves: at last upon this coast
Hurled by the god was I, to suffer more
That still the gods design before the end.
Have mercy, queen, for after all my woes
You first I kneel to, knowing none beside
Of those that own this city and the land.
Show me the town, and some poor wrap, that held
Your linen hither brought, vouchsafe to me.
And the gods grant you all your dear desire,
Husband and home, and, best of gifts, a heart
At one with his: virtue and strength are here
When, single-hearted, in the house abide
Husband and wife, to foes great grief, to friends
Great gladness: but their own hearts know it best.'

The whole passage is a miracle of poetry and feeling. Think of the condition under which this speech is made; realize that Odysseus is all befouled by brine, and that he is crouching, at some little distance from Nausicaa, with nothing but a leafy bough to cover his nakedness. Yet had he been wearing the most royal apparel he could not have been more completely master of the situation. He begins by addressing Nausicaa as a goddess, or if not a goddess, then a maiden of whom her kinsfolk have indeed good reason to be proud. But how are we to realize her beauty? She is like a palm, he says, one palm of all the palms, seen by him long ago in the holy island of the Ægean, and still unforgotten. Then, having thus prepared the way, he tells the story of his voyage and the shipwreck. And, after that, he makes his request just for some poor wrap to cover his nakedness, and for guidance to the city. Then he ends, as beggars generally end, with a prayer for his benefactress. Only there is a difference, for this prayer is not only 'Thy own wish wish I thee in every place,' but also there are here the loveliest words which have ever been said about marriage. May I ask you to read it once again, and then you will not fail to realize that my praise is the simple truth.

The gods grant you all your dear desire,
Husband and home, and, best of gifts, a heart
At one with his: virtue and strength are here
When, single-hearted, in the house abide
Husband and wife, to foes great grief, to friends
Great gladness: but their own hearts know it best.

There is nothing written about marriage in the Song of Solomon or Genesis or, as far as I know, in any book in any language, which is so beautiful as this, nor, I believe, but I do not speak from knowledge, anything so true. I meant this particular glimpse of the *Odyssey* to end here; how should anything be adequate to follow such words as those on which I have been dwelling, lovingly? But with Homer all things are possible. And, having said this, I am bound to prove it true by giving the answer of Nausicaa. In its own way this is quite as wonderful as the speech of Odysseus. She does not begin by saying that she is no goddess but a mortal. She simply takes no notice of the flattery. Not that she was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

offended; how could she be? What girl would not rejoice to hear: —

> Oh! if divine, most like, among the gods,
> To Artemis, the child of mighty Zeus.

But, being as charitable as she is brave, she will not keep him waiting, while she bandies compliments. On the contrary she speaks with the simplicity and directness of a child, and a child's wisdom too. She has looked him through and through; she has recognized a brave man in adversity, and she tells him so. Next, she promises to fulfill all his need, and she ends by telling him quite simply who she is. It has taken Homer just eleven lines to make us all worshipers of Nausicaa. Let me give her own words: —

> Then answered him white-armèd Nausicaa:
> 'Sir, since you seem nor wicked nor unwise,
> From God on high prosperity to men
> Comes, as he wills, to each, to good and bad;
> And you the fate he sends must needs abide.
> But now, since hither you are come to us,
> Nor raiment shall you lack nor aught beside
> Which a poor supplicant should ask and have.
> Learn who we are, then follow to the town.
> Phæacians own the city and the land;
> My father is the king Alcinous
> High-hearted, in Phæacia holding sway.

Nausicaa, daughter of a reigning king, began the day with washing the family linen; then followed a game of ball; finally she has faced a difficult situation with consummate courage and wisdom. Without showing a trace of nervousness or *mauvaise honte* she has listened to the appeal of a naked man. After hearing him, she has judged him correctly, given him her confidence, and offered to help him in the most sensible and practical way. With good reason we may say of her: —

> Holy, fair, and wise is she;
> The heaven such grace did lend her,
> That she might admirèd be.

And with no less reason we may quote the end of the same song, in her praise.

> She excels each mortal thing
> Upon the dull earth dwelling.
> To her let us garlands bring.

My next selection gives us the scene between Odysseus and his dead mother in the world below. Is there anything in life more beautiful than the love of a mother for her son, unless it be the love of a father for his daughter? It will be interesting then to see how Homer deals with this most sacred of all human relationships. To be quite frank, Odysseus is to me in this passage a little disappointing. Whatever he may feel, he expresses very little love. I should like to think that he exerts this iron self-control for fear of breaking down altogether, but I must confess that there is little in the context to justify such a view. Of course there is a great deal which it is indispensable for him to discover, and he has no time to lose; his curiosity is always insatiable, and there is here an unequaled opportunity for acquiring that which above all else he longs for — knowledge. Lovers of the *Odyssey* will not have forgotten that the offer of knowledge was the lure by which the Sirens sought to induce him to land upon their deadly shores.

But, when all is said, I cannot help feeling that he might have expressed a little more love for his mother, after he had asked her the many questions, or even before. It is true that she herself had begun the conversation by expressing only her astonishment at seeing him, a living man, in the abode of the dead, and had said nothing of the joy which she must have felt in looking on his dear face, after so many years, once more. But before the end of her next speech she makes ample amends when she tells him that she pined away through her sorrowful desire for him. And it is chiefly for the sake of those two last lines in her speech, which reveal all the fullness

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a mother's love, that I include this passage: —

My mother ceased, and thus I answered her:
'Need brought me, mother mine: I came to find
Theban Teiresias, and to question him:
For neither have I reached Achaia, nor
Seen home again, but sadly wander on,
Since first, with noble Agamemnon, I
Went forth to fight the well-horsed sons of Troy.
But answer me, and all the truth be told,
What fate of death, that lays men low, was yours?
Was it slow sickness, or did Artemis
Surprise you with the gentle shafts and slay?
And tell me of my father and the son
I left behind me: rule they still, or is
Their honor gone, since men suppose me dead?
Tell of my wedded wife, her thoughts and aims.
Bides she with him, my son, still guarding all,
Or has the best Achæan wedded her?'
I ceased: my lady mother answered me:
'Indeed, indeed she bides, poor patient heart,
Within your halls, and sorrowfully still
Weeps, as the long days pass, the slow nights wane.
But no man has your right. Telemachus
Rules in his own demesne, feasts with his peers,
As it beseems, in his high place, to do,
Is welcome everywhere. But in the field
Your father bides and shuns the town. For him
Blankets nor shining rugs prepare a bed,
But all the winter with the thralls he sleeps
By the ashes of the fire, goes poorly clad.
Then, when the summer and rich harvest-tide
Come, all about the vineyard's fruitful knoll
Beds of the fallen leaves are strown for him.
Grieving he lies, and saddens more and more
For your return, and suffers, growing old.
And even so I died, by such a fate.
For me within the halls that archeress
Keen-eyed surprised not with the gentle shafts,
And never a sickness, such as wastes the limbs
And takes away the spirit, came to me.
But your lost love, dear thoughts, and gentle ways
Reft the sweet life from me, my noble son.'

That keen-eyed archeress with the gentle shafts is Artemis, to whom sudden deaths were attributed by the Greeks. Perhaps I ought to apologize for thinking it necessary to say this. And now, after a long interval, I return to Helen, the heroine of the *Iliad*. She is hardly less beautiful than she was when, at the beginning of the *Iliad*, the sight of her roused the old men of Troy to an outburst of involuntary admiration for the beauty which had cost their city so dear. She is even more lovable now than she was in the *Iliad's* closing scene. In truth, she is a wonder of graciousness and tact and loveliness. And what a glorious contrast she presents to her husband Menelaus. In Rupert Brooke's famous (or infamous) sonnet the two grow old and unlovely together, and the end of it all is: —

So Menelaus nagged and Helen cried,
And Paris slept on by Scamander side.

I will not comment upon this vision of the later years; it is enough to say: —

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.

Homer has never liked Menelaus, and he does not like him now; but he is mindful of propriety, and represents him only as pompous and absurd, not as detestable. And yet, however true it may be that in the past he has been a man more sinned against than sinning, his conduct on the present occasion would afford Helen a very good excuse for running away from him again. He is in fact simply insufferable; no emperor could be more vulgar than this king. He makes Telemachus two presents, both very fine and large; one he carries himself, and his son Megapenthes the other. Then follows Helen carrying her light and lovely gift. Menelaus now sets to work to describe and praise his cup and bowl. Description and praise are, of course, both unnecessary, since Telemachus has eyes to see. Perhaps for this reason the lines were early enclosed in brackets, but in my judgment they are admirably humorous and quite essential to complete the picture.

Then comes the pompous presentation of his cup by Menelaus: the embarrassingly huge mixing-bowl is laid down by Megapenthes, who is doubt-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less glad to be rid of his burden, at the feet of Telemachus; we are not to forget that it was 'all silver.' After that Helen, the gracious, has her turn. She carries in her own hands the present which she gives her guest. She does not praise the gift, but contents herself with saying that it is the work of her hands, and asks him to accept it in remembrance of her. She would wish the robe kept and given to his bride, to grace the happiest day of his life, his wedding-day. And then she says quite simply, 'God bless you, dear one, and give you joy.' Only a woman or an old man, full of sympathy and wisdom, as well as of knowledge, could have given us this picture of Helen. I do not think, with Samuel Butler, that a woman wrote the *Odyssey*. The poet who wrote the *Iliad* in his prime lived on to write the *Odyssey* in his age. And now let me give the scene in Homer's words: —

But, when they came where all the treasure lay,
A cup two-handled Menelaus took,
And Megapenthes bade to bear the bowl,
His son; but Helen by the coffer stood,
Where lay the glorious robes, her handiwork.
Then the fair Helen lifted one of these,
Larger and lovelier than all the rest,
Which lay the lowest, shining as a star.
And passing through the house they came to him,
Telemachus, whom the fair-haired king addressed:
'May Zeus the god of thunder, Hera's lord,
To you, Telemachus, grant the wished return.
But, of the gifts my treasure-house contains,
The fairest and the noblest shall be yours.
Be yours a well-wrought mixing-bowl, the lips
Of gold, the rest all silver, fashioned by
Hephæstus' hands, which I from Phædimus,
Tyre's king, received, when, coming thither, I
Found welcome in his house: this bowl be yours.'
Thus Menelaus spake and in his hand
The cup two-handled laid; the shining bowl
Strong Megapenthes brought, and gave him, all
Of silver: Helen of the lovely cheeks
Next brought the robe, and spake, and said his name,
'This too be yours, my child, from Helen's hands,
This, for your bride to wear upon the day
Of happy wedlock; in your mother's room
Till then to lie. And now, with happiness,
I pray, to your fair home and country go.'
She spoke and gave: he gladdened at the gift.

My next selection is the recognition of his father by Telemachus. Reasonably enough he is with difficulty convinced that it is indeed Odysseus who has returned, but the delay has been only just long enough to heighten our joy when the son bursts into tears and falls upon his father's neck. And then, to emphasize the great moment, which has come at last, father and son, as they shed the tears of deep emotion, are likened in a lovely simile to eagles or to vultures from whom the country folk have stolen their callow brood. Only the birds weep for sorrow; father and son for joy.

I now give the story in Homer's own words: —

He spoke, and kissed his son, and down his cheeks
Let fall the tears he held in check before.
But once again Telemachus answered him,
Believing not his father had returned.
'Father? Odysseus? Nay, this is the guile
Of God, that I may grieve and groan the more.
For never could a mortal man achieve
This of himself, unless a god should come
And lightly make him young or old at will.
For you, a moment since ill-clad and old,
Are like the gods, who reign in heaven, now.'
And thus Odysseus, rich in wiles, replied:
'Nothing is here for marvel or amaze
That I, Telemachus, come, your father, home.
Behold Odysseus now or nevermore!
All as I am, I come, who suffered much
And wandered far, home after twenty years.
Thanks to Athena, driver of the spoil,
Whose is the power — she makes me, as she wills,
Now like a beggar, now again a man
Who in the prime of life goes gayly dressed.
Lightly the gods, whose kingdom is wide heaven,
Can glorify or humble mortal man.'
He spoke and sat him down: Telemachus
On his brave father flung himself in tears.
Then woke desire for wail in either heart.
They wept aloud more ceaselessly than birds,
Eagles or vultures crooked-clawed, from whom
The country folk have stol'n their callow brood:
So piteous fell beneath their brows the tears.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have read in the *Iliad* the story of the horses of Achilles and of their love for Patroclus, their fallen charioteer. But the Homer of the *Odyssey* has done better still, as far as I can judge, in the story of Argus the hound; or it may be only that the dog makes a more powerful appeal to human sympathy than even the horse. We have a modern parallel to both. I have elsewhere compared Ruksh, the horse of Rustum, to the horses of Achilles; the death of the dog Balthasar in the Forsyte Saga presents an even closer parallel to the death of Argus in the *Odyssey*. I hope I may be forgiven for quoting here a few sentences from our English author who has written one of the greatest if not the very greatest of modern novels.

'Jolyon, who had crossed from Calais by night, arrived at Robin Hill on Sunday morning. . . . He passed the pond and mounted the hill slowly. Near the top a hoarse barking greeted him. Up on the lawn above the fernery he could see his old dog Balthasar. The animal, whose dim eyes took his master for a stranger, was warning the world against him. Jolyon gave his special whistle. Even at that distance of a hundred yards and more he could see the dawning recognition in the obese brown-white body. The old dog got off his haunches, and his tail, close-curled over his back, began a feeble excited fluttering; he came waddling forward, gathered momentum, and disappeared over the edge of the fernery.

'Jolyon expected to meet him at the wicket gate, but Balthasar was not there, and, rather alarmed, he turned into the fernery. On his fat side, looking up with eyes already glazing, the old dog lay. "What is it, my poor old man?" cried Jolyon. Balthasar's curled and fluffy tail just moved; his filming eyes seemed saying: "I can't get up, master, but I'm glad to see you." Jolyon knelt down; his eyes, very dimmed, could hardly see the slowly ceasing heave of the dog's side. He raised the head a little — very heavy. "What is it, dear man? Where are you hurt?" The tail fluttered once; the eyes lost the look of life. Jolyon passed his hands all over the inert warm bulk. There was nothing — the heart had simply failed in that obese body from the emotion of his master's return.'

Anyone who was unfamiliar with Homer could hardly fail to think 'How admirable!' after reading this, but one who has read and loved Homer for fifty years may be forgiven for thinking, 'Was it really wise to do this, after Homer, and to do it not quite so well?' For consider. Not only was Homer the first to tell the story, but he has the advantage at almost every point. Odysseus had been away for twenty years, Jolyon for a very small fraction of that time; but the dying Argus recognizes his master at once, and Balthasar fails at first to do the same. Then Odysseus is in deadly peril; a chance recognition even by a dog might cost him his life. Jolyon is in no peril of any kind. Lastly Balthasar has been cared for in old age. Argus has spent his last of life on the dungheap unregarded and probably unfed. Now let us hear Homer: —

So they together talked upon the way.
And Argus, lying there, raised head and ears,
The brave Odysseus' hound, that once he bred,
But had no joy of him before he went
To Troy. The young men oft in other days
Took him to chase wild goats and deer and hares,
But unregarded now, his lord away,
In the deep dung of mules and many kine
Which at the door was left, until the thralls
Should carry it to dung their master's fields,
Lay Argus, and his coat was full of fleas.
Yet of Odysseus, as he came, the dog
Was ware, and dropped his ears and wagged his tail,
But lacked the strength to drag himself anear
His lord. Odysseus from Eumelus hid,
Looking aside, a tear, and questioned him.
'Eumelus, it is strange, this hound that lies
Here, in the dung, so goodly. Fain would I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Learn, was he one of those that lie beneath
Kings' tables, and are kept to please the eye?'
He spoke. The herd Eumelus answered him:
'The hound of one, ah! me, that died afar,
But, were his beauty and his feats to-day
As when Odysseus went from here to Troy,
Well might you marvel at his strength and skill,
For never quarry in the thickest wood
Scaped his pursuit, so swift to track was he —
Now sore distressed: his lord died far away,
And him the careless women tend no more.
'T is ever so with thralls; they little reck
Of duty, when their lords no longer rule.
For on the day a man becomes a slave
God the great-voiced takes half his worth away.'
He spoke and passed within the pleasant house
Straight to the hall, where sat the wooers proud,
And darkly death on Argus fell, as he
Beheld Odysseus after twenty years.

We have not yet seen Odysseus in the fight, and fighting in Homer's day is the supreme test of manly worth. But we are to have one more glimpse of the *Odyssey*, so there is still time. The crisis is at hand; Odysseus has got possession of his bow. Telemachus and the two faithful thralls are at his side. The suitors are feasting, careless and secure. And at Antinous, the most insolent of all the suitors, Odysseus shoots the first arrow from his terrible bow. It is the overture of the great fight: —

Then sage Odysseus flung his rags aside,
And on the mighty threshold, bow in hand,
Sprang, from his quiver pouring out the shafts
There, at his feet, and spake among them all.
'Lo! now this hard ordeal has an end.
But next another mark unknown before
Be mine: Apollo hear and grant the praise.'
He spoke, and aimed a bitter shaft, but he,
Antinous, in the act to raise a cup
Twy-eared, of gold, ev'n now was handling it,
To drink the wine, nor thought was in his heart
Of death. For who would dream that at the feast,
One against many, howsoever brave,
Would aim at him black fate and evil doom?
Nathless Odysseus aimed and loosed a shaft:
Clear through the tender neck passed out the point,
Dropped from his hand the cup, and smitten he
Fell to one side: and straight a jet of blood
Gushed from his nostrils, as he spurned aside
The table with his foot and spilled the food,
Bread and roast flesh defiled. But, through the room,
The suitors, shouting as they saw him fall,
Sprang from the seats and scattered in dismay,
Searching the well-built walls with fearful eyes.
Nowhere a shield, nowhere a mighty spear!
Then to Odysseus tauntingly they cried:
'Stranger, 't is ill to shoot at men. For you
Swift doom is sure; your last ordeal this.
You slew the noblest prince in Ithaca,
Wherefore the vultures shall devour you here.'

I meant to have stopped there, but clearly the last word must not be with the suitors. I end with the answer of Odysseus: —

Each man took false for true, surmising here
No purpose, but mischance: fools, not to know
The bands of death made fast for one and all.
But sage Odysseus scowled, and said to them:
'Dogs, thinking I should come again no more
From Troy, ye wrought this havoc in my house,
And of the handmaids had your wanton will,
And wooed the wife of one that was alive,
Fearing no gods, the dwellers in wide heaven,
Nor human vengeance in the aftertime.
Know now the bands of death made fast for all.'

Rather, if I may change my mind once more, let me leave Penelope and Odysseus folded in one another's arms, begging her to forgive my former disparagement, and graciously to accept my apologies.

As welcome as the sight of land to men
Whose ship Poseidon shattered on the deep,
Well-built, but crushed by wind and mighty wave;
Only some few from the white waste of sea
Have swum to land, and crusted o'er with brine
Right gladly reach the shore, escaping doom:
So glad was she to see her husband's face,
And with white arms to clasp his neck and cling.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHARLES LAMB AND GEORGE DYER

BY DUDLEY WRIGHT

From the *English Review, September*
(London Conservative Monthly)

George Dyer was one of the most prominent and intimate friends of Charles Lamb. How the twain became acquainted cannot be stated, for Dyer was not, as many writers assert, an elder contemporary of Lamb at Christ's Hospital. Dyer was twenty-seven years of age when Lamb entered the famous school in 1782; he had already passed through the ranks of the Grecians, had entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, graduated, and was employed as usher in the Grammar School at Dedham. It is more than probable that the introduction was effected through Coleridge, to whom Dyer was known.

The son of a 'citizen and shipwright' or a 'Wapping watchman' — the information as to his birth and parentage is thus varied — Dyer appears to have been from his earliest days a bookworm, passing the greater part of his life in libraries, and, for this reason, may have become the object of Lamb's youthful reverence, an attitude which seems quickly to have become mingled with banter and badinage. It is said that his extraordinary love of books attracted the attention of two elderly ladies, who secured for him a presentation to Christ's Hospital, where he remained, a diligent scholar, for twelve years, leaving it when he was nineteen, with an Exhibition and a donation from a benefactor which sufficed for his moderate requirements while he was at Cambridge. As a Grecian he had access to the library at Christ's Hospital where, in his own words, he 'feasted on this hidden banquet,' and at a younger age than any on record he reached the head of the school.

Talfourd has sketched a pen picture of Dyer, and, although some of the particulars of his life he has given elsewhere are inaccurate in minor details, there is no reason to regard with suspicion the following narrative: —

> His life was an Academic Pastoral. Methinks I see his gaunt, awkward form, set off by trousers too short, like those outgrown by a gawky lad, and a rusty coat, as much too large for the wearer, hanging about him, like those garments which the aristocratic Milesian peasantry prefer to the most comfortable rustic dress; his long head silvered over with short yet struggling hair, and his dark gray eyes glistening with faith and wonder, as Lamb satisfied the curiosity which had gently disturbed his studies as to the authorship of the Waverley Novels, by telling him, in the strictest confidence, that they are the works of Lord Castlereagh, just returned from the Congress of Sovereigns at Vienna! Off he runs, with animated stride and shambling enthusiasm, nor stops till he reaches Maida Hill, and breathes his news into the startled ear of Leigh Hunt, who, 'as a public writer,' ought to be possessed of the great fact with which George is laden!
>
> Or shall I endeavor to revive the bewildered look with which, just after he had been announced as one of Lord Stanhope's literary executors and residuary legatees [for which act Mrs. Barbauld called Lord Stanhope 'insane'], he received Lamb's grave inquiry whether it was true, as com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monly reported, that he was to be made a Lord! 'Oh, dear, no! Mr. Lamb,' responded he with earnest seriousness, but not without a moment's quivering vanity. 'I could not think of such a thing; it is not true. I assure you.' 'I thought not,' said Lamb, 'and I contradict it wherever I go; but the Government will not ask your consent; they may raise you to the peerage without your even knowing it.' 'I hope not, Mr. Lamb; indeed, indeed, I hope not; it would not suit at all,' responded Dyer, and went his way, musing on the possibility of a strange honor descending on his reluctant brow.

Or shall I recall the visible presentment of his bland unconsciousness of evil when his sportive friend taxed it to the utmost by suddenly asking what he thought of the murderer Williams who, after destroying two families in Ratcliffe Highway, had broken prison by suicide, and whose body had just before been conveyed in shocking procession to its crossroad grave! The desperate attempt to compel the gentle optimist to speak ill of a mortal creature produced no happier success than the answer: 'Why, I should think, Mr. Lamb, he must have been rather an eccentric character.'

There must have been some very attractive characteristics in Dyer, for many of his contemporaries — Lamb, Barry Cornwall, and Talfourd among them — have left on record their favorable impressions of his character. Lamb said that 'the gods, by denying him the very faculty of discrimination, have effectually cut off every seed of envy in his bosom.' Barry Cornwall described him as: —

> One of the simplest and most inoffensive men in the world; in his heart there existed nothing but what was altogether pure and unsophisticated. He seemed never to have outgrown the innocence of childhood; or, rather, he appeared to be without those germs or first principles of evil which sometimes begin to show themselves even in childhood itself. He was not only without the dark passions himself, but he would not perceive them in others.

Many and amusing are the anecdotes concerning him. Lamb well remarked that he could scarce conceive a more amusing novel than the Life of George Dyer. It is said that he was so absent-minded that he had been known to empty his snuffbox into the teapot when making tea for his guests, the caddy being empty. On another occasion, in a similar predicament, he emptied a small packet of ginger into the pot. He once spent an evening at Leigh Hunt's house on Hampstead Heath and went back about a quarter of an hour after he had left, by which time the family had retired to their bedrooms. When asked by Hunt the reason for his return he said: 'I think I have left one of my shoes behind me.' It was found underneath the table where Dyer had been sitting, but he had not discovered his loss until he had traveled some distance. Leigh Hunt has taken Dyer for the character of Goodall in his sketch, *Jack Abbott's Breakfast*. On one occasion George Dyer, paying a visit to an acquaintance, took away the manservant's hat and left his own behind him. He did not discover his mistake till he was met by a friend, who pointed to the cockade and sympathized with him on the change in his social position. He was not, at one time, the owner of many books, and used to keep his 'neat library' in the seat of his easy-chair. Mary Lamb and Mrs. Hazlitt, going to his chambers one day in his absence, 'tidied up the room and sewed fast that out-of-repair easy-chair, with his books within it, whereat, to use his own words he was greatly disconcerted.' Afterward, however, he collected a large number of books, which were sold, after his death, at Sotheby's, the catalogue consisting of 721 items.

On another occasion Lamb himself paid a visit to those chambers in Clifford's Inn, when he found Dyer, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

midwinter, wearing nankeen pantaloons four times too big for him, 'which the said heathen,' writes Benjamin Ellis Martin, 'did pertinaciously affirm to be new. These were absolutely engrained with the accumulated dirt of ages, but he affirmed 'em to be clean. He was going to visit a lady who was very nice about these things and that's the reason he wore nankeen that day.' Lamb once sent this guileless creature to Primrose Hill at sunrise to see the Persian Ambassador perform his orisons! Small wonder that Dr. Thomas Sadler said that George Dyer was a man in whom a want of humor amounted to a positive endowment.

Dyer had a dog which he called Tobit, but which Lamb rechristened No-bit, because of his master's economies. He was a great economist, so far as his own personal expenditure was concerned, and both Cottle and Rickman narrate an episode which shows how he nearly succeeded in terminating his earthly existence by carrying his wholesome precept of living sparingly and drinking plenty of water gruel to the extremest limit. Cottle writes as follows: —

Mr. Coleridge related to me a rather ludicrous circumstance concerning George Dyer which Charles Lamb had told him the last time he passed through London. Charles Lamb had heard that George Dyer was very ill, and hastened to see him. He found him in an emaciated state, shivering over a few embers. 'Ah!' said George, 'I am glad to see you. You won't have me here long. I have just written this letter to my young nephews and nieces to come immediately and take a final leave of their uncle.' Lamb found on inquiry that he had latterly been living on water gruel and a low, starving diet, and readily defined the cause of his maladies. 'Come,' said Lamb, 'I shall take you home immediately to my house, and I and my sister will nurse you.' 'Ah!' said George Dyer, 'it won't do.' The hackney coach was soon at the door, and as the sick man entered it he said to Lamb, 'Alter the address and then send the letter with all speed to the poor children.' 'I will,' said Lamb, 'and at the same time call the doctor.'

George Dyer was now seated by Lamb's comfortable fire, while Lamb hastened to his medical friend and told him that a worthy man was at his house who had almost starved himself on water gruel. 'You must come,' said he, 'directly and prescribe some kitchen stuff, or the poor man will be dead. He won't take anything from me, but says 't is useless.' Away both the philanthropists hastened, and Charles Lamb anticipated what would be required and furnished himself on the road with a pound of beefsteak.

The doctor now entered the room and, advancing toward his patient, felt his pulse, and asked him a few questions. Looking grave, he said: 'Sir, you are in a very dangerous way.' 'I know it, sir, I know it,' said George Dyer. The doctor replied: 'Yours is a very peculiar case, and if you do not implicitly follow my directions you will die of atrophy before to-morrow morning. It is the only possible chance of saving your life. You must directly make a good meal off beefsteaks and drink the best part of a pint of porter.' ''T is too late,' said Dyer, 'but I'll eat, I'll eat.' The doctor now withdrew, and so nicely had Lamb calculated the result that the steaks were by this time broiling on the fire, and, as by magic, the doctor had scarcely left the room when the steaks and the porter were both on the table.

Just as George Dyer had begun voraciously to feed on the steaks his young nephews and nieces entered the room crying. 'Good-bye, my dears,' said George Dyer, taking a deep draught of the porter, 'you won't see much of me longer.' After a few mouthfuls of the steak he further said: 'Be good children when I am gone.' Taking another

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

draught of the porter, he continued: 'Mind your books and don't forget your hymns.' 'We won't,' answered a little shrill, silvery voice from among the group, 'we won't, dear uncle.' He now gave them a parting kiss, when the children retired in a state of wonderment that 'sick uncle' should be able to eat and drink so heartily. 'And so,' said Lamb, in his own peculiar phraseology, 'at night I packed up his little nipt carcass snug in bed, and after stuffing him for a week sent him home as plump as a partridge.'

Dyer was a conscientious and painstaking worker, and a stickler for accuracy. He suppressed one edition of his *Poems* after it had been printed, solely on account of an error. This led to Lamb bestowing upon him the sobriquet of 'Cancellarius Major.' Although his work was scholarly and serious and he was always a welcome guest at the houses of men of letters, he never became more than a literary hack, 'drudging at low rates for unappreciating booksellers,' as Lamb wrote, 'wasting his fine erudition in silent corrections of the classics, and in those unostentatious but solid services to learning which continually fall to the lot of laborious scholars who have not the art to sell themselves to the best advantage.' He wrote the *Life of Robert Robinson*, which both Wordsworth and Dr. Parr called one of the best biographies in the English language. He also wrote many biographies for the *Annual Necrology*, edited Robinson's *History of Baptism* and *Ecclesiastical Researches* and published two volumes of *Poems;* but concerning his verse Lamb wrote: —

> George writes odes where the rhymes, like fashionable man and wife, keep a comfortable distance of six or eight lines apart, and calls that 'observing the law of verse.' George tells you, before he recites, that you must listen with great attention, or you'll miss the rhyme. I did so, and found them pretty exact.

Dyer also wrote the *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge*, but the greatest labor of his life was the production of Valpy's Edition of the Classics in 141 volumes, in which all that is original, with the exception of the preface, is from his pen. This work occupied him from 1819 to 1830, and ruined his eyesight.

George Dyer was no misogynist. When he joined Dr. Ryland in a school at Northampton in 1791 he had for a colleague John Clarke, father of Lamb's friend, Charles Cowden Clarke. Dyer fell in love with Dr. Ryland's stepdaughter, but Clarke won her. Cowden Clarke relates that when his father died 'George Dyer asked me for a private conference, when he told me of his youthful attachment for my mother and inquired whether her circumstances were comfortable, because in case, as a widow, she had not been left well off, he meant to offer her his hand. Hearing that in point of money she had no cause for concern, he begged me to keep secret what he had confided to me, and he himself never made further allusion to the subject.' This incident alone would merit the appellation which Hazlitt bestowed upon Dyer, when he called him 'one of God Almighty's gentlemen.' Dyer also once proposed to the widow of Gilbert Wakefield, greatly to her indignation, and she did not forgive him for some time.

The story of his marriage is told by Mrs. A. de Morgan in her *Reminiscences*. The chambers opposite to Dyer were owned by the widow of a solicitor, who had buried three husbands. She watched him going in and out and saw his quite harmless ways, and said, in her Devonshire dialect, she 'could not abeare to see the peure gentleman so neglected.' He was invited across to tea and given hot cakes and muffins. At

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one of these entertainments the widow said: —

'Yes, Mr. Dyer, you *du* want someone to look after you.'

Immediately came the rejoinder: —

'Will you be that one?'

'Well, sir, I don't say but what I've thought of it, but you must speak to your friends and let me see them.'

The friends saw and approved, for the widow, though illiterate, was open and kind-hearted and sensible, and the marriage accordingly took place at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street. Shortly after, Lamb wrote to Southey: —

> George Dyer is in the height of an uxorious paradise. His honeymoon will not wane till he wax cold. Never was a more happy pair since Acine and Septimius, and longer.

Mrs. Dyer wrought a striking change in the personal appearance of her husband, who, after his marriage, became as tidy in dress as he was untidy previously.

Mrs. de Morgan, it may be recalled, was a daughter of the Reverend William Frend, of Cambridge, who was the counselor of George Dyer and S. T. Coleridge, and influenced the latter toward Unitarianism. To him Lamb addressed the lines: —

> Friend of the friendless, friend of all mankind,
> To thy wide friendships I have not been blind;
> But looking at them nearly, in the end
> I love thee most that thou art Dyer's Frend.

After his eyesight began to fail Dyer one day walked into the New River by mistake, on leaving Lamb's cottage at Colebrook Row. Lamb afterward called it his aquatic excursion. Barry Cornwall thus described his rescue from the river: —

> I happened to go to Lamb's house about an hour after his rescue and restoration to dry land, and met Miss Lamb in the passage, in a state of great alarm; she was whimpering, and could only utter, 'Poor Mr. Dyer! Poor Mr. Dyer!' in tremulous tones. I went upstairs aghast, and found that the involuntary diver had been placed in bed, and that Miss Lamb had administered brandy and water as a well-established preventive against cold. Dyer, unaccustomed to anything stronger than the 'crystal spring,' was sitting upright in the bed, perfectly delirious. His hair had been rubbed up and stood out like so many needles of iron-gray. He did not — like Falstaff — babble of 'green fields,' but of the 'watery Neptune.' 'I soon found out where I was,' he cried out to me, laughing; and then he went wandering on, his words taking flight into regions where no one could follow.

Lamb describes fully the incident in his essay, *Amicus Redivivus*.

Dyer's friends among the great were numerous and he was elected a member of the Chapter House Coffee Club, the resort of many literary men. The last visit Lamb paid in his lifetime was to Dyer, and the last letter he penned was to Mrs. Dyer. No man in London encouraged as much as Dyer did Robert Bloomfield, the author of *The Farmer's Boy*, and he was equally prepared with kind offices for everybody. In spite of his eccentricities he was loved by all.

He passed away on March 2, 1841, within a fortnight before his eighty-sixth birthday was due. His widow survived him for twenty years, the death summons coming to her in May 1861, when she was in her hundred-and-first year. William Frend had predeceased him on February 21 of the same year, and when the news was made known to Dyer he asked that his remains might be interred by the side of his friend. He had at one time in his mind to write his own life, and, according to Lamb, did write his Autobiography, but the manuscript was lost.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BRASS BOWL

BY RODNEY GILBERT

From the *North China Herald, July* 14
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

PROFESSOR SHAO YU-TS'AI belonged to a class — limited in China — the very existence of which never fails to ruffle the self-esteem and provoke the scorn of practical folk in any part of the world where it is held that life is real and earnest. He was a great scholar and a brilliant conversationalist. He could talk well in any circle and on almost any subject. His manner was always graceful and amiable. He wrote poetry and polite essays, was a fair judge of antiques, indited beautiful scrolls for his friends, and was lavishly generous with money. The money that he was lavish with was not earned by the exercise of his many talents, however, but was the tribute which he laid upon his friends and admirers. His sole legitimate income was a salary of thirty dollars a month, paid him for lecturing two hours a week upon Sung poetry at a Confucian school which was patronized by an old schoolmate who had erroneously concluded that money earned in this way would be more acceptable than the same amount in direct charity.

The thirty dollars did no more than pay Shao Yu-ts'ai's servants and feed his dogs. His house was a big one and was full of poor relatives and dependents. He kept a good table, carried all his visitors of note to the expensive places of entertainment outside the Ch'ien Men, and filled his shelves with rare books and examples of fine chirography. Of course there was a big deficit — or there would have been had he troubled to keep accounts — but this worried him little, for he relied confidently upon his ability to turn the world's admiration of his genius into levies of hard cash. This reliance upon manna and the ravens had for many years been his only real profession, but it did not enhance his popularity with his wealthier relatives as the years rolled by, and of late even his most ardent admirers were not always at home when he called.

The Chinese are ready to pay all possible homage to wisdom and letters, but even in China it is not assumed that scroll writing, the composition of poetry, or a profound knowledge of the philosophers precludes an understanding of the value of a hard-earned Mexican dollar.

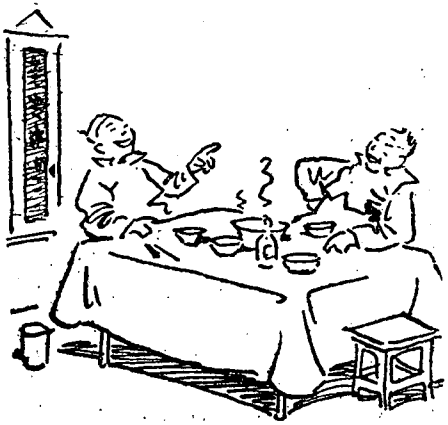
In fact it is usually argued, in China as well as in the Occident, that a classical education gives the mental training which best equips a man to battle shrewdly with life in any field. It can indeed be shown by thousands of examples that a Chinese scholar can draw forty per cent interest on well-placed investments and keep close tab upon his credits and debits even while he is laying the foundation for immortal fame by painting exquisite likenesses of storks under pine trees or of thrushes perched upon sprigs of apricot blossoms.

Professor Shao Yu-ts'ai, therefore, had few apologists among his larger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creditors. Among the largest of these was the pert, practical, and prosperous Wang Teng, senior clerk in the department of supplies, Ministry of Communications, who happened to be the husband of Shao Yu-ts'ai's sister's husband's niece. No one who knew Wang Teng could have believed that he would have considered this relationship very binding when an advance of money was concerned, but as a matter of fact he himself had called attention to it a good many years before he was a senior clerk in the Ministry of Communications. He came to Peking a returned student from Japan, thoroughly Japanned in ideals and morals, and determined to get on in the world somehow or anyhow. A letter from home reminded him that his great remote relative Shao was in the metropolis. Shabby and poverty-stricken he had called, had been graciously received in the scholar's house, had been clothed, fed, and instructed by him, and, in less than no time as it seemed, had been found a place in the Ministry — at the bottom of the ladder of course, but still with nearly the same income that his patron had derived from lecturing upon Sung poetry.

The facility with which the appointment had come had made an impression upon him. Shao Yu-ts'ai had invited the Minister of Communications of that régime to a dinner, they having been fellow scribes in some Taotai's yamen long before Wang Teng was born. They had quoted old verses, composed new ones, drunk wine, and gambled the greater part of the night, and the following afternoon Wang Teng had been told that his place was assured.



'They had quoted old verses'

Wang knew nothing of verses, little enough of the standard books, and took no interest in antiques. Under Shao's good-natured instruction he pretended to admire fine scrolls and paintings, but could scarcely conceal his boredom after he had come up in the world. The only thing that could keep him up all night was a discussion in Japanese of the terms of a purchase of rails or copper cable for his department; but he never forgot that night of versifying and gambling which his remote relative had spent with a Cabinet Minister. So whenever he was minded to refuse a loan in the years that ensued or to have his servants turn the old man away from his door, his shrewd and cautious mind reverted to that occasion and he parted with his tribute to genius with as good grace as he could command — never failing, however, to accept a note of hand which he carefully filed in his strong box.

The year 1917 was a hard one for great masses of people in North China. A dry spring killed the wheat crop and a wet autumn brought down floods from the Shansi hills which almost obliterated three provinces. Every city that was on dry land was crowded with starving refugees. Construction work on several lines of railway was suspended indefinitely, so that a contract which Wang Teng had nursed along for months in his personal interest, and which had cost him a great deal in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entertaining, became such a remote prospect that it was no longer worth dinners and theatre parties. Professor Shao Yu-ts'ai came nearer living within his pitiful salary during that autumn than he had for a great many years, for the tributes to learning were few.

The Autumn Festival approached and dunning creditors became the bane of every poor man's existence. Wang Teng was not poor, but he had invested a great deal too much in suppers and parties. He had been forced by his social position to abandon his ricksha and to buy a small carriage with plate-glass windows and purple-silk curtains. This purchase entailed the keep of two grooms in livery. He borrowed where he could, but his borrowings were not a third of his debts. A week before the Festival, therefore, he sat down and wrote a letter to Professor Shao Yu-ts'ai in his best style — wrote it very painfully, for he was no stylist — reminding him gently that for many years their money transactions had all been one-sided and begging him to use his great influence in high circles to negotiate a small loan — of a thousand dollars, say — to tide his humble pupil and relative over the Festival season.

Being tactfully composed, this letter did not arouse the venerable Shao Yu-ts'ai's animosity. The demands of small traders at this holiday season for payment upon their accounts called forth tirades against the mercenary canaille who thought of nothing but lucre, such tirades being reënforced with quotations from every standard book of wisdom written during the last three thousand years. At the crescendo came language which the Imperial censorate would never allow to appear in any printed work, but which made the petty merchants shrink, apologize, and sneak away from the erudite presence. But an appeal for help in a season of stress — that was different!

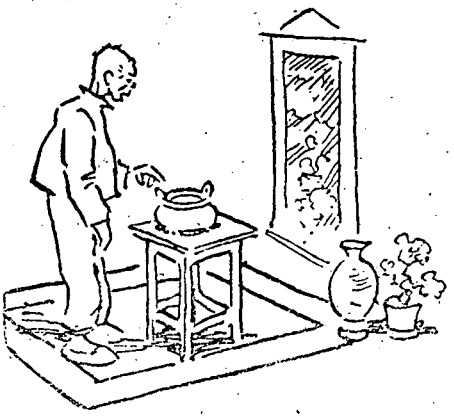
Shao Yu-ts'ai sat in a little cubicle at one end of his big reception-room and really worried over Wang Teng's letter. His person was round with many layers of clothes, good clothes, but his body was lean within them. A fur cap was perched jauntily on one side of his gray head and every few minutes he passed a thin tapering hand over the blue veins of his parchment forehead and tilted the cap to a still more rakish angle. One foot nervously tapped a Manchurian tiger-skin, worth nearly half of the amount that Wang Teng required. Over his head hung a scroll by Tso Tsung-t'ang, inscribed to him by the great general who had spent hundreds of millions upon one of China's greatest campaigns. At his elbow lay a wood-block edition of a Tang Dynasty poet, worth a good deal in itself and presented, as the flyleaf proved, by a master of finance whose Hanlin literary degree had not stood in the way of his acquiring a huge fortune. Opposite to him was a case of books for which the right collector in the right humor would have given him enough to assure a respectable annuity, and above it on the wall hung a rubbing of the four characters which Tsao Tsao had first drawn in the snow with his riding-stick and had afterward had cut in stone. For this he had had many good offers. The appurtenances of prosperity were all there, but in an inside pocket of his jacket his restless hand jingled a silver dollar against a ten-cent piece and a copper — the sum total of his immediate resources.

He was a little footsore from the round that he had made of his oldest friends and most lenient creditors that morning and very heartsore because not one of them had seen him. For the moment his resources seemed exhausted. He would never have dreamed of going to so much trouble to satisfy his own creditors, but he had been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called upon to do Wang Teng a good turn and he had by no means given up yet. If he had guessed for a moment that he was being dunned he would have torn his relative's letter to shreds and would have composed himself over a cup of tea and the writing of a satirical poem upon the rapacity of the age.

He thought of the pawnshops and his eye wandered about the apartment. Suddenly it came to rest and his whole attention was focused upon a squat brass bowl. There was nothing remarkable about this vessel. It contained an earthenware saucer full of pebbles and among the pebbles was a bulb which had thrown out two stubby green shoots. The scholar bounded to his feet with a wrinkled smile, set the earthenware saucer to one side, and, holding the bowl up to the light, ran a bony forefinger tenderly over the deeply incised pattern of conventional flowers and leaves which ran around the vessel. He turned it bottom up and then with a match traced over the single faint seal character that had been engraved upon it. His expression was at once wistful and relieved. He sat at his table, carefully inked his brush, and wrote a few lines of ceremonial greeting to his nephew, several times removed, Wang Teng, to which he added the following: —



'There was nothing remarkable about this vessel'

You are an astute business man and have more knowledge of the world of affairs than I, who am merely a useless old bookworm. You will therefore appreciate the value of the brass utensil which I am sending you by my servant and you will be able to market it in this festival season for a great deal more than I, who am weak and foolish in bargaining. The value of it exceeds not only the sum you ask, but my whole indebtedness to you, who have been so generous to an impecunious old relative; and I shall be glad to hear that you have disposed of it at a price which will yield you some interest on the sums which you were gracious enough to advance me at one time or another.

The letter closed with the usual felicitations and Shao Yu-ts'ai assumed an air of revived courage and self-esteem as he put down his pen. He shouted for a servant, got a clean square of white paper and another of heavy straw paper, did up the bowl tenderly, addressed a slip of red paper and slipped it under the string with which it was tied; then sent his servant scurrying away under a torrent of orders delivered with the best official hauteur and the sharpest enunciation.

Mrs. Wang Teng was in a remarkably benign mood when the messenger came in upon her. She was sitting cross-legged on an ornate hard-wood kang, still attired in all her street finery, fondling a pair of soft leather boots, of foreign cut and design, but adapted to the needs of bound feet. At a recent soirée given by the wife of a fat general, no less than seven women of the official caste had been shod with these ultra-modern creations while she had felt herself painfully conspicuous in a pair of flowered-satin shoes of which she had previously been more than proud. She had dilated upon her feelings at that soirée to Wang Teng and had laid stress upon the fact that a pair of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ultramoderns cost 'only six dollars — only *six* dollars — ONLY six dollars!' His heartless reminder that she already owned four pairs of spotlessly new satin shoes had brought about a half-day's breach of relations.

'She had bought the leather ultramoderns'

And now she was defying him. She had bought the leather ultramoderns under the express condition that they could be returned or changed and she was awaiting his coming to make sure that they would be neither returned nor changed. When Shao Yu-ts'ai's messenger arrived she was drilling herself to sweetness and complacency; and she therefore gave him a whole dollar and a pleasant smile and put the parcel reverently in the centre of a tea table. The shoes problem was so engrossing that she did not even undo the package to peer into it, nor did she try to read the letter. This was a high tribute to the engrossing power of the pair of leather ultramoderns which she carried back to the kang with her when the messenger had gone.

Wang Teng eventually came in, sour-visaged and peevish. The leather boots disappeared under the corner of a leopard skin on the kang, and the lady slipped off the divan, smiling alluringly.

'Here is a little present which Shao Yu-ts'ai has sent you,' said she, pointing to the tea table. He whirled about and fastened rapacious eyes upon the bundle.

'Bank notes?' he inquired anxiously.

'I don't know,' said she. 'I did not presume to open it till you came.'

He stared at her in bewilderment. This was unprecedented. He wanted to know why she did not know. There was never anything else came into the house that she did not know all about and he interpreted this unparalleled diffidence as an evil omen. He seized the package, tossing the letter aside impatiently, tore off the paper cover, and sent the brass bowl spinning across the tea table with a dramatic gesture of repugnance and disgust. Then he ripped open the letter and read it at a glance. Seizing upon the spurned bowl again, he examined it for a second or so, then tossed it upon the kang and began pacing the room and giving vent to his feelings in most atrocious language.

One might think that such a display of bad feeling would have postponed indefinitely all discussion of leather 'foreign-fashion' shoes, but that is not Chinese psychology. Mrs. Wang had gone to infinite pains to bring herself into a cooing mood and before she had even had a chance to coo her wretched husband had assumed an attitude of wrath against which she knew cooing would be of no avail. The elemental law of combat dictates that a storm shall be met with a counter-storm. It is poor tactics where great issues are involved to be caught on the defensive.

'You're an ungrateful wretch,' she cried. 'You — the misbegotten — you come home in a bad temper and rail because, when a kind-hearted old man whom all the world reveres sends you a present out of his poor stock, it cannot be turned into a thieving contract.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You treat him just as you do me. You'd have me run naked if you could, while you give dinners at the Tung Hsing Lou and smirk at every hired trollop that hangs on the back of your chair and chirps to you. I have to wear clothes and shoes that were out of date before you — you turtle egg — were born! I have to go abroad and be shamed by every strumpet on the highway. You can curse poor old Shao behind his back — he who picked you out of the gutter and saved you from beggary — but you can't bully me whenever you want to ventilate your bad disposition. I — I come from a good family, you son of a slave girl, and — I've bought myself a decent pair of shoes!'

Thereupon she whipped them out from under the leopard skin and flourished them before him. He stood stupefied for a moment and then shrieked in a mad frenzy: —

'You help to ruin me, do you? You take the part of the old jackass who has borrowed and squandered my savings, and you then tell me that you have been out throwing money away on flapdoodles! We're ruined and why should n't we be properly ruined. Let's live in temples and expose sores! You'll find your level there anyway.'

And with this remark he seized a porcelain vase off a shelf and dashed it to pieces at his feet.

The time-honored domestic rite of *shuai tung-hsi* — smashing things — had been appropriately opened and Mrs. Wang, with the light of battle in her eye, followed his example by snatching a clock that chimed, and had been her particular pride, off the kang table and hurling it against the wall. Wang Teng broke a platter over the tea table and Mrs. Wang shattered a flowered-porcelain cuspidor with a small stool and threw a teapot through one windowpane and a blue-glass ash-tray through another. Through the remaining pane Wang Teng hurled the despised brass bowl and then followed it into the courtyard seeking fresh breakables. Mrs. Wang gave chase, her hair all awry and her face brick-red with passion.

Between them they broke all the flowerpots and bruised themselves badly trying to kick a huge earthenware goldfish jar to pieces. As nothing destructible met his eye, Wang Teng seized upon the cursed brass bowl and threw it twice against the garden wall, loosening a great deal of plaster but doing no visible damage to the vessel. In a frenzy he made a wild overhand pitch and sent it whirling across two walls and into the street beyond. How the feud subsided is not our affair. The Chinese say, out of four or five thousand years' experience, that no fracas between husband and wife survives the night; and as the most insubordinate Chinese lives close to his traditions it is to be assumed that the following dawn saw peace. Our interests, however, follow the brass bowl.

A little before sunset a person belonging to the class known as drum-pounders, itinerant dealers in anything secondhand, was passing through a narrow alleyway that debouched upon Hatamen Street when he escaped death from a meteoric brass bowl which missed his head by an inch, hit the wall on the opposite side of the alley, and bounded into the dust, where it executed several antics before it finally subsided.

The drum-pounder showed great composure. He looked with interest upon the brass bowl, glanced up and down the narrow thoroughfare and found it deserted, and then put down his two baskets so that one completely covered the bowl. He deliberately sat down upon the ground with his back against the wall to await developments.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His trained ear detected in the bedlam that was going on across two walls all the characteristic noises of a shuai tung-hsi contest, so he settled into an attitude of great composure and tuned in his ear to the Wang family wavelength. Shrieks and yells of rage were punctuated with the breakage of crockery for no little time; but finally, almost coincidental with the fall of darkness, the typhoon of wrath subsided into a confused rumble of sobs and growls. The drum-pounder gathered himself together, slipped a hand under one of his baskets, and in a single movement extracted a brass bowl and buried it deep in the general jumble of his wares. He then lighted a long pipe and took up again the rhythmic twirl of his goatskin rattle, which carried him so well through the monotonous streets, and trotted away into the gathering night.

The following morning the same drum-pounder was squatting above an old piece of sacking, presiding over a display of incongruous wares in what is known to Chinese as 'The Little Market.' Well to the fore was a highly polished brass bowl, adorned with a flower-and-leaf design of the most conventional sort.

There was the usual clientele, made up chiefly of hard-bargaining old women, who had the whole day to devote to the expenditure of twenty coppers, and a few fairly well-dressed persons looking for specific articles, who scanned each display of wares and passed on indifferent to all other attractions if they failed to find what they wanted. The drum-pounder prayed for a browsing foreigner and even while his hopes were being registered in the vague heaven of many gods which he patronized one of this ilk came by. But he was not the kind that the drum-pounder hoped to see. He was a tall man, in top-boots which had not been polished in half a decade. He wore a soft shirt open at the collar, a tattered felt hat, and at least a day's growth of iron-gray whiskers.

The drum-pounder sensed at once that he was a resident, probably a highly paid servant of the Government, certainly a fluent speaker of Chinese, and altogether a dangerous man for the purveyor of small wares. The tall outlander strolled up to the bit of sacking, ran his eye over the stock of goods, and finally looked upon the

'The tall outlander . . . finally looked upon the brass bowl'

brass bowl. Then he made a second review of the wares, pricing several things which the drum-pounder knew he did not want, and came back to the bowl. He picked it up, looked it over scathingly, and tossed it back among the rubbish.

'I'll give you a dollar for that,' said he, with as good a Chinese inflection as the drum-pounder had foreseen.

'Not as much as the investment,' said the small merchant in a pained tone. 'The very bottom price is five dollars. It cost me four-ninety.'

'Damn your investment,' said the tall man, mixing English with his Chinese. 'I'll give you a dollar ten for the thing.'

'Four dollars,' cried the merchant;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the foreigner swung upon his heel and sauntered away.

'Come back, excellency, come back!' shouted the drum-pounder, rising from his bit of sacking; but the tall man walked on and the small merchant cursed his race and breed. It was not long, however, before he came strolling back. He appeared oblivious to the little display of grimy wares spread out upon the ground and would have gone on his way had the dealer not shouted to him and, with the bowl held aloft, announced that three dollars was its price. The foreigner turned and stared as though he had never seen either man or bowl before.

'Three dollars for that!' he exclaimed in an injured tone. 'Why I would n't give more than thirty cents for it.'

'But you offered a dollar ten,' cried the distressed merchant.

'Is that so? Well, I may have a while ago, but I should not do so again.' And with that he again started to walk away.

'A dollar, a dollar,' coaxed the merchant at his heels.

'Forty cents,' said the foreigner, keeping slowly on his way. The merchant looked back anxiously at his untended merchandise and meekly whispered: 'Fifty cents, and a huge loss on the investment.'

The tall man stopped, looked doubtfully at the bowl a moment, then with the grim expression of one who is being beateu and knows it, but wants to be done with the matter, he took fifty cents in silver coins from his pocket, relieved the merchant of his bowl, and went on his way smiling quietly to himself. The merchant also smiled with satisfaction as he returned to his seat on the sacking, so it appeared that the bargain was not displeasing to either party.

That same afternoon Mr. S. K. Scrogson Wong, graduate of Whooplah College, first-class adviser to the President, secretary to the official Flood Relief Commission, and chairman of the executive committee entrusted with the arrangement of a Flood Relief Fair, stopped his carriage before the offices of the Chihli Mines Development Company and, after making sure of the set of his foreign clothes, which were immaculate and expensive, sent in his card to the manager.

A tall man with iron-gray hair, somewhat in need of a shave, was reading mail and smoking cigarettes at a flat-topped desk. He fingered the card, read both the Chinese and English inscriptions upon it, was interested for a moment in puzzling out how Huang Hsin-chao, *alias* Huang Sheng-sun, contrived to be S. K. Scrogson Wong, and then flicking the card into a convenient basket he said wearily: 'Bring the little wart in.'

'Well, Mr. S. K. Scrogson Wong,' said he, mouthing the 'Scrogson' with some satisfaction, as the visitor bobbed in, all fur collar, spectacles, and teeth, 'what service can I do you? Have a cigarette.'

Mr. Huang took the cigarette, lighted it with a flourish, sank comfortably into a deep soft chair, opened his fur collar, and beamed.

'You are doubtless aware, Mr. Lawrence,' he began crisply, 'that I have the honor to be chairman of the executive committee for the arrangement of the fair in Central Park under the patronage of our Government, designed to afford some relief to the unhappy persons in the provinces of Chihli, Shantung, and Honan, who have been driven from their homes and have been thrown upon the mercy of their fellow countrymen by an unprecedented cataclysm of moisture.'

'Um,' said Lawrence, repressing a grin.

'Our committee,' continued the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chairman, 'has evolved an ingenious plan for attracting the masses of the metropolis to the fair. An appeal is to be made to their love of chance. Each admission ticket purchased will give the individual so purchasing it a chance to win one of the prizes offered. It was at first planned to limit the number of prizes to ten, all of which were to have been given by high officials in the capital. The first and second prizes, bronzes of great value, were donated by the President and Premier — hm — respectively. Then when it became known that such articles were in demand an amazing number of things were sent us, so that we now have all manner of things of price, ranging from motor-cars to discarded boots, and we have decided to call upon our friends to make further donations. Seventeen thousand tickets have already been disposed of and more than six thousand distinct objects of greater or lesser merit have been donated, which will be grouped by a valuing committee into perhaps five hundred prizes.'

'One chance in thirty-two of getting something for your money,' commented the man behind the desk, to whom the scheme had begun to appeal.

'Er — er — precisely,' agreed his visitor.

'If the Chinese would give up trying to run a Government and stick to running lotteries,' said the manager of the Chihli Mines Development Company, 'China would soon be the world's mortgagee.'

'Hm — precisely,' said Mr. Huang, taking a furtive glance at a card covered with notes which he held in the hollow of his hand.

'Our committee,' he continued, 'has therefore deputed to me the pleasant duty of going among our generous foreign friends and putting the real distress of our unhappy countrymen in such a light —'

'Are you selling tickets, or are you after more prizes?' Lawrence interrupted.

'Why, in fact, prizes,' replied the chairman of the executive committee, slipping his notes into his coat pocket.

'What sort of stuff?'

'Anything — anything is acceptable.'

'Downstairs I have an old desk, an old bicycle, a cotton umbrella that won't turn water, and a clock, presented to me by the comprador, which chimes the hours, whistles the half hours, and will explode at high noon if you keep it stocked with caps. How would these things fit in?'

'Splendid!' exclaimed Scrogson.

'All right, send your coolie for them with a card. By the way, look at this,' he added, passing a brass bowl across the desk. 'What is it worth?'

After turning it over several times, the chairman of the executive committee expressed the belief that it was an ordinary modern bowl and that second-hand it might be worth fifty cents.

'That 's what I gave for it,' said Lawrence with a complacent smile. 'I did not buy it because I wanted a brass bowl, but because I thought it might happen to be something which it evidently is not. Would that serve as a prize? All right, take it away with you.'

A few days later, Mr. S. K. Scrogson Wong was dancing up and down the endless aisles of what appeared to be a mammoth curio-and-junk shop. He was arrayed in the gorgeous satins and furs of his native caste and was bowing along six venerable waddling dignitaries who surveyed with keen eyes the vast heaps of all manner of things, in which the rich and beautiful had been mixed indiscriminately with mere rags and rubbish.

This was the valuing committee. They were picking out the first hundred prizes, and as they worked down

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the aisles an attendant squad of gendarmes picked out any object that one of them indicated, took it up reverently in white-gloved hands, and carried it on tiptoe to a long table at the end of the room. The parade of elders was headed by a squat little Manchu, with a wisp of snow-white queue, a round jolly face that was smooth and fresh as a child's, and with snappy bright little eyes which looked out of frames of countless puffs and wrinkles. He was Fu Tsao, at one time curator of the precious things in the Imperial Household. All the others deferred to him and, while they had their own eyes wide open for whatever might appear to be of value, they watched closely to see whither his glance strayed.

They had put in a good morning's work, but they were enthusiasts, every one of them, and had really had a splendid time; and in spite of the weariness of their old legs they were ready to go on as long as there was an untouched heap to fathom. They were passing an array of 'foreign fashion' furniture — varnished pine for the most part — and were sailing pompously by with elevated noses when the great Fu Tsao picked a brass bowl off an old desk with a torn green-felt top and turned it over and over in his hands. At last he wheeled upon his colleagues, held it out to them dramatically at arm's length, and, with the light of discovery in his face, shouted: —

'Third prize!'

'So?' inquired all the others, crowding about him and peering doubtfully at the commonplace vessel.

'Yes,' Fu Tsao continued with assurance, 'there is one in the Imperial collection, one in Japan, one owned by some wealthy man in America, and this — this is the fourth out of twenty such that were known to have been cast and carved by Chang Mao-kuang.'

'Chang Mao-kuang!' they all exclaimed as they crowded around and buzzed excitedly over the treasure. They began then in one breath telling each other who the greatest craftsman in brass was, how he had worked a year on each piece, how his work had been brought to the attention of the Ming Imperial Court, and how, after his death, his creations in brass had been sought far and wide through the country by Imperial decree. They had taken the fancy of an Emperor, they had become famous among antiquaries, they were very few and therefore they were priceless.

'Third prize,' reiterated Fu Tsao. 'And if the President and Premier had not given the first two prizes it would be first prize. Think of it — a half-catty of brass — and any first-class dealer could get ten thousand taels for it just because an Emperor said, a few centuries ago, that the flowers were so perfect that he could scent their fragrance!'

A murmur of assent went up from the compact little group while they feasted their eyes upon the bowl as it was passed from hand to hand.

'Who gave this?' asked Fu Tsao, suddenly turning upon S. K. Scrogson Wong.

'Lawrence — Lou Ehr-hsien — he thought it was worthless,' replied the chairman of the executive committee. The whole group broke into a chorus of merriment and the little old Manchu doubled up and got violently red.

'The clever one!' he shouted with glee. 'The foxy old reprobate! He's been too smart for his own good at last. He probably bought it for fifty cents and could n't believe it was real.'

'Exactly what he did,' said Scrogson with a grin, whereupon they all shouted with fresh glee, while the gendarmes in attendance grinned appreciatively, though they did not see the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

point and realized only that a triumph over the foreigner had been registered.

The fair was a huge success. Tens of thousands came daily to the Park and, though there were a hundred attractions, each visitor marched directly to the great hall in which the prizes were displayed and went around and around, feasting his eyes upon what might chance to be his if fortune were kind. Then he went off and enjoyed himself and then came back and made another survey. Immediately inside the entrance were three high pedestals, upon which reposed the three major prizes. They were well above the heads of the crowd and the low brass bowl was not at all conspicuous. Wang Teng and Mrs. Wang Teng passed it and repassed it, peered up at it, and failed to recognize it. Once there came a tall foreigner in rusty riding-boots who stared open-mouthed at the bowl and remarked: 'Well, I'm damned!'

He then came closer and read the tag, upon which was written in Chinese: 'Third prize. A brass bowl cast and carved by the most famous of all workers in brass, Chang Mao-kuang, in the seventeenth year of Yung Loh, in the city of Yangchow, Kiangsu. Valued at ten thousand taels. Presented by the foreign gentleman, Lou Erh-hsien, Manager of the Chihli Mines Development Company.' For a moment he was the image of consternation. Then a smile spread slowly over his hard face and he strode on, chuckling to himself and saying over and over again: 'But they're wrong, they're wrong.'

The *Peking Chronicle*, on the evening of November 18, 1917, announced that that morning delegates from six Ministries and a special representative of the President had drawn the numbers for the 782 prizes given to patrons of the Flood Relief Fair. The first hundred winning numbers were published and then the article went on to say that 'a crowd of several thousand persons, presumably ticket-holders, witnessed the drawing. As the numbers were taken from the box the Vice-Minister of the Interior called them out. The first number was 127. No one claimed this and the holder, who is entitled to the President's large bronze incense-burner, a Chow Dynasty antique of great value, has not yet been identified. The second number, 2718, went to the proprietor of a small food-stall in the Hua Shih, who was present to claim and take away with him the Premier's handsome donation. The third drawing, number 575, which entitles the ticket-bearer to take possession of the marvelous old brass bowl made by Chang Mao-kuang, which is said by some experts to be the most valuable article offered, has not yet been claimed, but Mr. Jao Shih-lien, chief of the supply department of the Ministry of Communications, who represented that Ministry in the drawing, is authority for the opinion that ticket number 575 is held by a senior clerk in his office, Mr. Wang Teng, who resides in the Ch'i Feng Lou. Up to the time of our going to press we have been unable to confirm this surmise.'

Very much the same report appeared in the Chinese papers, in all of which it was specifically mentioned that the valuing committee, on the authority of the Manchu expert, Mr. Fu Tsao, had appraised the bowl at ten thousand taels.

Wang Teng, who had been languidly reading his paper over his afternoon tea, read no further than this. He screamed for his servants, screamed for his outer garments, screamed for his carriage, and when he was once in it screamed for speed. As he rumbled through the narrow dusty streets he assumed an expression which he imagined was one of official

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

austerity to conceal his emotions, but it was really the kind of mask which a naughty boy assumes when he is mocking the parson. While his face was set along rigid lines, his small scrawny body fairly squirmed with excitement, and when he finally rushed up to the hall in which the prizes had been exhibited, and from which the numerous winners were carrying their winnings, he was so nervous that he could scarcely speak. He pushed his ticket across the improvised counter, behind which a number of police officials were standing, and managed to say in a steady voice: 'I believe that my number has won something.'

The man who picked up the ticket brightened at once and showed it to his neighbor.

'Have you a card?' he asked. Wang Teng produced one and the man at once nodded to his neighbor, as much as to say, 'It's the man all right," and hurried away. He returned in a moment, carrying a brass bowl in his two hands, placed it upon the counter with no little unction, and said: 'You are to be congratulated; you have drawn third prize.'

In all seasons of stress, occasions calling for an emotional display, the Chinese, who can be so volcanic over little things, can outdo the stoic, the Quaker, and the Red Indian, if he likes, in perfect self-control. Wang Teng looked down upon that bowl as it was placed on the counter between his hands, gazed thoughtfully at it a moment, and then picked it up, bowed, smiled quietly, and said: 'Thanks. It is really very fine and I am indeed fortunate. Can you tell me who gave it?' He was told and, tucking it under his arm, he bowed again and walked quietly away.

Ten minutes later his carriage drew up before the office of the Chihli Mines Development Company. He gave his servant a card to send in and then sank placidly back in the carriage seat with the bowl resting in his lap. A man of any other race but a Chinese would have seen the joke upon himself and would have smiled, however ruefully, but no Chinese ever sees a joke upon himself, so Wang Teng's face was painfully serious though composed. The call came for him to enter and he went in. His conversation with Lawrence was short.

'Mr. Lawrence,' he began in Chinese when he had seated himself on the outermost edge of a stiff chair, 'I am the winner of the third prize in the Flood Relief Fair drawing.' Lawrence smiled with one side of his mouth. 'I understand that you gave the prize. It is very handsome and is certainly very valuable. I have always been greatly interested in the antiques of our country and have done some buying at one time or another, but I have never owned anything so rare. This prize is undoubtedly valuable in itself and I shall always treasure it for its intrinsic worth; but to the fortunate possessor of something so unique a knowledge of its past must enhance its value. It would interest me, therefore, to know more of its history — how it came into your hands and where it has been treasured these several centuries.'

'I 'm afraid,' said Lawrence, still smiling out of one side of his mouth, 'that I cannot help you much. I bought the bowl only a few weeks ago, not long before the Autumn Festival. I got it from a peddler's stand at the T'ien Chiao market for fifty cents and I gave it to the executive committee with that valuation upon it, believing it to be worth fifty cents but no more. I did not believe it was genuine. In fact I thought it a very obvious imitation, but the valuing committee, headed by Mr. Fu Tsao, thought otherwise. Fu Tsao is an expert and I am an amateur,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so I suppose I was wrong. I must therefore congratulate you upon your good fortune, Mr. Wang.'

'Do you see that?' asked Wang Teng, putting the brass bowl on the table before his wife. She bristled and gave him a challenging stare, as much as to say: 'If you are going to be the first to reopen that sore the consequences will rest with you.' But he went on to explain.

'Some days ago I threw that over the wall into the street. This afternoon I learned that I had drawn third prize in the Flood Relief lottery; I went to draw my prize and this is it. It is worth ten thousand taels. It 's lucky that old Shao seldom reads the newspapers.'

Mrs. Wang turned white and a glaze crept over her eyes. He called for her maidservant, took his brass bowl under his arm, and went into another room, where he sat down with writing materials and wrote a letter to Shao Yu-ts'ai, of which the following was a part.

Venerable Uncle must forgive his slave's rudeness in delaying so long acknowledgement of the handsome present. Many trials and worries incidental to the Festival occupied the slave's mind; and since the holiday season official duties have been heavy. The slave now hastens to express his profound gratitude and sends by the bearer all the formal notes of hand accepted from time to time as memoranda of trifling advances to the Venerable Uncle.

The letter and notes were sent and then, after a moment's concentrated thought, Wang Teng took down the telephone directly from a hook and looked up the residence of Fu Tsao. He wanted to hear with his own ears the great man's own verbal confirmation of the value of the third prize and to make discreet inquiries about the proper medium through which to realize its value in negotiable currency. Even while he was thumbing the directory, a servant brought in a card which read: 'T'ung Hsing Ho Company, Dealers in Precious Stones and Genuine Antiques.'

'Out of town,' he snapped and, having found his number, he was soon in touch with a servant in Fu Tsao's household to whom he gave his name and expressed a desire to speak with the master. The servant said that Mr. Fu Tsao was ill and could not come to the telephone. Wang Teng then explained that he was the winner of the third prize in the lottery, winner of the brass bowl which Mr. Fu Tsao had valued at ten thousand taels, and that he would like to make an appointment to call upon Mr. Fu Tsao and discuss the antique with him, since he had very little understanding of such matters himself and would gratefully absorb instruction from the great authority.

The servant at the other end of the line went away for a moment and then returned to announce that Mr. Fu Tsao was leaving the house and that he would arrive at Mr. Wang Teng's residence within fifteen minutes. Wang Teng protested loudly against this, but vainly, for he was told that the old Manchu had already set out in his carriage. Wang sat back and smiled with deep satisfaction. The old Manchu expert was not above dealing in curios. In fact he was known to carry on transactions leading to the sale or purchase of very valuable pieces. He was undoubtedly coming on business. His valuation upon the bowl was presumably a minimum valuation, the least that he thought it was worth. Wang Teng therefore prepared to do some very shrewd and delicate bargaining and he wished for a fleeting instant that he had taken pains to learn more of such matters as bronze and brass, pictures and porcelains, from Shao Yu-ts'ai.

Then there came the rumble of a carriage at the door, followed by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sound of moaning and weeping, as of someone in great distress. Wang Teng got to his feet and peered through the window in time to see two stalwart servants assisting the limp and tottering person of Fu Tsao across the court. His eyes were swollen and red and his mouth wide with his lamentation.

'Ai-ya!' he was crying. 'How can I face him? Ai-ya! Ruined at my age! Disgraced and despised, when I should be resting under the family pines and cypresses! Ai-ya! Ai-ya!'

Wang Teng's first thought was that the old man had met with some mishap or had been grievously insulted by someone on his way, so he ran out to meet him. But no sooner had he appeared than the old Manchu threw off his supporters and made an attempt to prostrate himself. Wang Teng helped him up with real solicitude and led him into the house, Fu Tsao bewailing his ill luck all the way. Wang Teng seated him in a comfortable chair, called for tea and hot towels, and then inquired what misfortune could possibly have brought his venerable senior to such a state of grief.

'Ai-ya!' the mourner commenced again. 'I told them it was n't genuine!' Wang Teng's scalp crawled and the creeps ran up and down his spine.

'I told them after I had seen it yesterday in a good light, just after the drawings, that it was only a cast from some lost original or a clever modern fraud. But they were intent upon ruining me. Ai-ya! They have made me a party to the deception of tens of thousands. How can I ever make recompense for depriving a man of the fruits of his good fortune? If they had only let me replace the thing with another, my name would have been clear and my old age without blame. But they said it was too late — that it could n't be withdrawn without suspicion and possibly a scandal. They think of themselves, but what of me? Ai-ya!'

'If it is not genuine,' said Wang Teng in even, tense tones, 'how much is it worth?'

'How much? Who knows, Mr. Wang,' the other wailed. 'It probably weighs half a catty. You being a man of affairs know better than I the value of half a catty of brass.' Wang Teng took down his telephone and called up the house of his remote relative, Shao Yu-ts'ai.

'My uncle,' said he smoothly, when the old littérateur had come to the telephone, 'you have probably received the letter which I sent you a little while ago — and the notes? I have been very remiss.' He was assured from the other end that the papers had been received.

'May I ask what disposition you have made of them?' asked the nephew while he pulled viciously at three long hairs which grew out of a wart on his cheek.

'I did what you might have done just as easily for me,' came the bland, affable voice over the wire. 'I pitched them into the stove.'

Wang Teng hung up his receiver with a snap and, leaving his ancient Manchu guest still in the midst of his 'ai-ya's,' he went into the courtyard and called a servant.

'Liu San,' said he when the man came, 'I am going to walk to the Ministry. Let that old duffer in there leave whenever he gets tired sitting. And, by the way, there's a brass bowl on my table which I want you to sell to the first peddler that comes along — only,' and he paused to lay emphasis on this order, 'don't sell it for a cash less than fifty cents.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

EMPEDOCLES

BY FRANCES CORNFORD

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

I HEARD a thrush sing in the flowering may,
All in the morning cool,
Whilst Joan and Jack ran to the river to play
And found a silvery salmon in a pool.

Now all these five fair things, I wished them joy —
Kindred and close to me:
'For I have been ere now a girl and a boy,
A bush, a bird, and a dumb fish in the sea.'

TO ROBERT BROWNING

A Japanese Appreciation

BY YONE NOGUCHI

[*English Review*]

YOU are a smoking-room story-teller of the pageant of life seen by senses,
Your gusto in speech turns your art into obscurity,
Again from the obscurity into a valedictory:
You are a provincialism endorsed by eccentric pride.
You are sometimes riotous to escape from anarchism.
Your great thirst for expression makes you a soul-wounding romancer,
You often play the mystagogue, and appear cruel.
You are a glutton of colorful adventures.
You are a troubadour serenading between the stars and Life,
Your love song on a guitar torments us even physically;
You are a realist who under the darkness purifies himself into the light of optimism;
You are a griffin wildly dancing on human laughter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

TOLSTOI ON SHAKESPEARE

Ernest 'Crosby, American by nationality and Tolstoian by inclination, wrote, in 1900, a pamphlet on Shakespeare and the working masses. The purpose of this learned brochure was to prove that whenever Shakespeare mentioned the grimy proletarian he did so with undisguised contempt and hatred, the obvious conclusion being that the Bard of Avon is vastly inferior to any Spoon River singer whose heart may beat closer to the hearts of the people. By way of preface to his pamphlet, Mr. Crosby decided to call on his master, Leo Tolstoi, for a few words, which the great Russian master was only too glad to supply; but Mr. Crosby had figured without his master's volubility, for Tolstoi, warming to the task, pitched into Shakespeare, and especially *King Lear*, with the result that what was intended to be a preface soon assumed the proportions of a tract so vast that poor Mr. Crosby either had to do without the preface or else substitute it for his own work. Naturally the latter course did not appeal to him, so the preface appeared under its own colors.

On the publication of this tract and its subsequent translation into German, Tolstoi was, as he might have anticipated, flooded with doctoral theses on all sorts of odd subjects, but one of them, by Herr Doctor Eugen Reichel, especially engaged his attention. Of this Tolstoi said: —

'I read to-day a German book on Shakespeare by Eugen Reichel. It does not interest me at all, but I read it in order to be able to reply to him. I want to write to him and tell him that he evidently did not have the courage to condemn the whole of Shakespeare's work.'

As a result the cowardly Reichel soon received a long letter which has only lately been dug out of the 'steel archives' of the Moscow Tolstoi Museum by the obliging Bolsheviki and printed in *Russki Sovremennik*, a new magazine of which Maksim Gor'kii is one of the chief editors.

It seems that by 1900 Tolstoi had reluctantly come to recognize the astounding fact that most human beings are stupid and believe what they read in the papers. Even so there is in his letter a continual note of surprise that no one, save only himself, had been acute enough to perceive the worthlessness of the works of Shakespeare. He berates the obtuse Reichel in the following terms for allowing one or two of the plays a leg or so to stand on: —

> One thing I know beyond doubt, and that is that not only the majority of plays attributed to Shakespeare, but all of them, not excluding *Hamlet*, are not only undeserving of the praise which is usually showered on them but, as regards artistic merits, are beneath criticism (in the Russian text — '*unter aller Kritik*' in German). Therefore I disagree with you only on the question of your recognition of the merits of those few plays which you place above the others.

But Reichel was not altogether a fool. We have Tolstoi's testimony for that.

> Your criticism of the so much praised plays like *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and so forth,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is so well-founded and just that one would be inclined to express astonishment as to how people who have read your book can still continue to be enraptured with the pseudo-beauties of Shakespeare, if one did not bear in mind that peculiar faculty of the mob, as such, in accordance with which the crowd always follows in its opinions the views held by the majority, irrespectively of its own individual judgment. We are not surprised when people in a state of hypnotic trance seeing white, declare, as it is suggested to them, that they see black, so why be surprised that in judging a work of art for the comprehension of which they have no criterion of their own, they obstinately repeat what has been impressed on them by the majority.

Tolstoi goes on to analyze the formation of public opinion by hack newspaper writers who pass so many false judgments and lead the people into the wilderness of error; but being opposed to modern civilization he is rather cheered at the general prospect and comes to the following reassuring conclusion: —

And therefore I am not only not hoping that the false utterances of Shakespeare and other ancients — I do not wish to name them, so as not to irritate people — will perish, but on the contrary I am expecting and already see the establishment of the fame of new Shakespeares, founded only on the stupidity and dullness of the press and the general public. I am also expecting that this decline of the general level of human intelligence will become more and more marked, not only in art, but also in all other spheres: in science, in politics, and particularly in philosophy, — to-day nobody knows Kant any more, but all know Nietzsche, — and will culminate in the general collapse of the system of civilization in which we are living, as the Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, and Roman civilizations collapsed before it. Psychiatrists are aware that when a man begins to talk a lot, to talk without end about everything on earth without giving himself the trouble to think, merely intent on pronouncing the maximum of words in the minimum of time, this is a dangerous but only too true sign of the beginning or development of a mental disease. And when in such a case the patient is also fully convinced that he knows everything better than anyone else, that he can and must preach his wisdom to everyone, then the symptoms of mental disorder are beyond question. Our so-called civilized world is in this dangerous and sad condition. And I think it is nearing a downfall, similar to that which befell the ancient civilizations. The perverted judgments of our present generation, which find expression not only in the overestimation of Shakespeare, but in the whole attitude toward science, politics, philosophy, and art, are the chief and most significant signs of this impending disaster.

He need not have gone far for his psychiatric material.

✽

THREE YEARS OF IRISH LITERATURE

Works of scholarship, fiction, and verse figure in the awards of the Royal Irish Academy to the best books written by residents of Ireland during the past three years.

Stephen MacKenna's translation of Plotinus, James Stephens's *Deirdre*, and Dr. Oliver Gogarty's *An Offering of Swans* received medals. Harry Stuart, the youthful author of a book of poems, entitled *We Have Kept the Faith*, carried off a small cash prize contributed by George Bernard Shaw, William Butler Yeats, George Russell, and others.

Mr. MacKenna's book was chosen more for its æsthetic than for its scholarly qualities, this being largely due to the judges' confessed lack of learning and to their susceptibility to such sentences as this: 'And one that shall know this vision — with what passion of love shall he not be seized, with what pang of desire, what longing to be molten into one with this, what wondering delight.'

James Stephens's *Deirdre* won the fiction medal hands down, although James Joyce's *Ulysses* was hailed as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the greatest work of Irish genius since Synge. The committee was spared the necessity of honoring this wild author because he had forsaken the old country for Trieste and Paris these ten or a dozen years.

If all the poems in *An Offering of Swans* are as good as the one quoted below, the wisdom of their award will not be questioned.

Our friends go with us, as we go
Down the long path where Beauty wends,
Where all we love foregather, so
Why should we fear to join our friends?

Who would survive them to outlast
His children; to outwear his fame —
Left when the Triumph has gone past —
To win from Age not Time a name.

Then do not shudder at the knife
That Death's indifferent hand drives home;
But with the strivers leave the strife,
Nor, after Cæsar, skulk in Rome.

From the works of Mr. Harry Stuart, who received no medals but only money for his pains, the following verse is quoted in the *Irish Statesman*. Oddly enough it alludes to the moon.

Oft have I thought and troubled not my head,
My eyelids heavy with thy mystery,
Death would but blow me from the feathery dead
One heart-throb nearer thee.

✽

ČAPEK IN LONDON

To judge from the photograph of him in the London *Bookman*, Karel Čapek should have had some good American dentist attend to his bridge work. But Mr. C. A. Dawson Scott, who wrote him up for the same *Bookman*, did not make any such unpleasant remarks, for Mr. Čapek was very friendly to the more conventional figures in the world of contemporary English letters.

It is the avowed ambition of the brilliant young Czech — or Bohemian, as he and Mr. Chesterton prefer to call it — to write one hundred books before he dies. He has also decided to take all human knowledge as his province, and quotes the erudite Fiona Macleod's remark, 'The man who knows all must die,' to which he hopefully adds: 'But I hope not to die until I know all.'

'The man, yes, but the woman?' asked Mr. Scott.

'Ah, for her that is not necessary, for she is all — she is life.'

At this point Mr. Scott draws the curtain across the scene and launches out on a new subject.

Like several of his contemporaries who are engaged in the business of literature, Karel Čapek comes of a medical family. He knows a number of languages, and has studied ethnology, folklore, psychology, geography, physics, chemistry. At the age of ten he began to write and has been at it ever since. Of himself he says: —

'I am without character. I am both man and woman. I am all, everybody, nothing. When I am creating a woman it comes to me that I am she. To be a novelist one has to live many lives, too many, and one loses one's personal life.'

But it was during the war that Čapek's intellectual pursuits really stood by him. Physically unfit to fight, he stayed at home eating bread made of chestnuts and acorns, and smoking dried willow-leaves. But he did not mind. He read Anglo-American philosophies of pragmatism, and translated an anthology of French verse.

✽

'LIFE IS VAIN'

THE columns of the *Sunday Times* have recently been given over to a brief but heated discussion of the authorship of a delightful French lyric which Du Maurier paraphrased freely in *Trilby*. It is called *Peu de chose et presque trop*, and we print below the authentic version.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

La vie est vaine:
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine —
Et puis — bonjour!

La vie est brève:
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rève —
Et puis — bonsoir!

La vie est telle
Que Dieu la fit;
Et, telle quelle,
Elle suffit!

The author is a Belgian poet, M. Léon de Montenaeken, from whose own pen one of the *Sunday Times* correspondents got the version that we give. It first appeared in a collection of Belgian verse, published in 1887, entitled *Le Parnasse de la jeune Belgique.* The authorship of the poem has been frequently laid at the door of Alfred de Musset — certainly a tribute to its literary merits, but not of great value in enhancing the prestige of the real author.

George Du Maurier's paraphrase follows: —

A little work, a little play
To keep us going — and so, good-day!

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing — and so, good-night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing — and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so, good-bye!

❦

ANATOLE FRANCE CLIMBS THE DUMAS FAMILY TREE

With that appalling dignity which comes as an inevitable climax to a long and literary life, Anatole France has made a few ex-cathedra remarks on the Dumas family, the occasion being the centenary of Alexandre Dumas the younger. One can almost imagine M. France taking Alexandre's arm in a friendly way, guiding him to a quiet corner in the Luxembourg Gardens, and then placing a patriarchal hand on his shoulder as he says: —

'I must tell you, M. Alexandre Dumas, that there is someone in your family whom I place higher than yourself, and it is not your father. Indeed, your father was a prodigious man. He came as a good giant bringing a great many toys to the poor children that we are. He was bright, he was kind, he consoled men with beautiful stories. He was a vast and candid soul. But *you* knew how to endow your words with a gravity that he never attained; he amused me, *you* educated me. I owe to you more than to him, this is why I set a higher price on you.

'But the greatest of the Dumas is neither he nor you — it is the son of the Negro, it is your grandfather, General Alexandre Dumas de la Pailleterie (born from a Negro and a French settler in Haiti), the victor of Mont St. Bernard and Mont Cenis (in crossing the Alps at the head of Napoleon's army on its way to Italy), the hero of Brixen. He risked his life sixty times for France, he was admired by Bonaparte, he died poor. Such a life is a masterpiece to which nothing can be compared. It is lucky to descend from so great a man. I am tempted to believe that the power of work, the absolute frankness, and the love of truth of the third Alexandre have to do with that of the first one.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUARDSMAN[1]

BY FRANZ MOLNAR

[THE Austrian dramatist, Franz Molnar, who first attracted attention in this country when the Theatre Guild produced his *Liliom*, is to have a second New York production on the sixth of this month, when the Guild opens with *The Guardsman*. This is not, however, Molnar's most recent play, an honor which belongs to *The Red Mill*, produced at the Burgtheater in Vienna early in February. *The Guardsman* is an odd sort of triangle play. It narrates the trials of a temperamental couple, named simply — after the modern fashion in the theatre — the Actor and the Actress. Both are stars, both suffer from what is popularly styled 'the artistic temperament.' They have been married six months, and the Actress is obviously restless. The Actor is beginning to wonder. Does his wife really love him after all? He hits upon a device for testing her which will at the same time test his own art to the uttermost. He will disguise himself as an officer of the Royal Guards, and make love to his own wife. He confides as much to a cynical and kindly individual, long acquainted with both of them, to whom we are introduced as the Critic.]

ACTOR. I began to work out the part. I planned all the details, costume, make-up, voice, step, carriage, and gesture, everything — realizing all the time that this woman is irretrievably lost to me. And at last I saw the pitiless truth — that only in this way could I ever bring my wife to look on me again with the eyes of love. Can you understand?

CRITIC. But if it fails? If she recognizes you?

ACTOR. Then it has failed — then she 's recognized me. Things can't be any worse than they are now.

CRITIC. And if you succeed? If she does not recognize you? What then?

ACTOR. Then one of two things will happen. Either she will yield — or she will not. If she does not, then I will be satisfied, I will be happy. For I will know that she is true to me. If she does yield, then I will be very unhappy. I will know that she is willing to deceive me — that the end has come. But then at least I will have had that one last sincere kiss from her. What if it is the end? Better an end of everything than to live on this way.

CRITIC. Well, what have you done?

ACTOR. The idea became an obsession — day and night it occupied my brain exclusively. One day, as I strolled through the streets, I passed a place where they make uniforms and in the window I saw a helmet, one of those big silver helmets with the white horsetail plume worn by the Imperial Guards. I fairly staggered into that shop. Before I knew what I was doing, I found myself facing the proprietor and heard myself say: 'I want the complete outfit of an officer of the Royal Guards.'

[The Actor pretends to have a sudden engagement in a distant city. He

[1] By special permission of the Theatre Guild, Inc., producers, and Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

takes an affectionate leave of the Actress and departs — ostensibly for three days. The Actress has already become much interested in the handsome officer of the Guards — in reality her husband — who has been walking under her windows of late. The Second Act passes in her box at the Opera, with the first act of *Madame Butterfly*, rising apparently from the stage below, as an accompaniment.]

USHER (*handing the* ACTRESS *a card*). The gentleman asks if he may see you.

ACTRESS. Certainly, show him in. (*She rises from her seat and comes forward. The* USHER *shows in the* GUARDSMAN.)

GUARDSMAN (*in helmet and coat, which he lays off after his next lines*). May I come in?

ACTRESS. Why, certainly.

GUARDSMAN. Thank you. (*To the* USHER) My car will call for me soon — I'm sorry to say. The chauffeur will come up here — will you let me know when he comes?

USHER. Yes, your Lordship.

GUARDSMAN (*to the* ACTRESS). It 's absolute slavery. I 'm not my own master for an hour together. There 's a Court ball on to-night and I should n't be showing myself in this uniform elsewhere. (*The* USHER *has been helping him off with his long coat, which she hangs on a hook on the wall* L. *He puts his helmet down on the bench.*) Thank you. (*He crosses to the other side, speaks to the* ACTRESS.)

ACTRESS. Are n't *you* interested in the opera? (*Sits bench* 1.)

GUARDSMAN. To be honest — no. (*Stands by door* 1.)

ACTRESS. Then the honor of your presence here is due entirely to — to me? The music does n't interest you at all? (*She motions him to sit down.*)

GUARDSMAN. I would n't state it quite so uncompromisingly. But this time there is something else which interests me infinitely more. (*Sits down chair* R.)

ACTRESS. What is that?

GUARDSMAN. Do not ask — *what* — ask *who.*

ACTRESS. Curious — (*She rises, crosses to wall* R, *standing between his chair and the front of the box.*)

GUARDSMAN. What is curious?

ACTRESS. And how sad.

GUARDSMAN. Sad?

ACTRESS. All this — that 's going on here — is sad. You see, Count, we 've known each other only since six o'clock this afternoon — and yet it is already necessary to make certain matters clear —

GUARDSMAN. Pardon me, but I can't believe that you could possibly — in anything I have —

ACTRESS. I 'm speaking now. You misconstrue my words. I do not object to your saying nice things to me. A woman — an actress — needs that sort of thing — yes, she needs it. (*Warmly*) I confess frankly that I need it as the field needs the rain. Sincerely felt homage, the current of warmth that I feel in a true man's admiration, keeps my eyes bright. I am still young, you know. Very well, it is not your compliments that I object to — they do me good. I even confess to you that I need them.

(*The* GUARDSMAN'S *head droops slowly.*)

GUARDSMAN. Well, then —

ACTRESS. But you smile with it, my friend, and this smile signifies that your flatteries have aim and object, and that you are revoltingly sure of the outcome. Such assurance is quite misplaced where I am concerned, my dear man. I do not like it.

GUARDSMAN. Pardon me —

ACTRESS. And now all is clear between us, is it not? I do not mind your making love to me but you must

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not do it with — such definite purpose. And don't travel quite so fast. And there is one thing more we must make clear —

GUARDSMAN. That is — ?

ACTRESS. I am a married woman. I have a husband. And I love my husband.

GUARDSMAN (*springing up, very happy*). Do you — really? (*Controls himself, speaks calmly.*) Do you really?

ACTRESS. Why does this bromidic confession excite you?

GUARDSMAN. It does excite me — it excites me greatly. And do you believe that I, a young and virile man, a soldier, could be here with so beautiful a woman, a woman who allures with a thousand mysteries, a woman of warm blood and pulsing nerves — and could feel only respect and esteem, nothing else? Do you believe that?

ACTRESS. No.

GUARDSMAN (*very near her*). Bravo! Then, if you believe that beside this respect and esteem there is some other feeling — for fleeting moments only, of course — then you will permit me to give it a name?

ACTRESS (*warmly, sincerely*). Yes.

GUARDSMAN (*sadly*). I may, really? Have you considered it carefully?

ACTRESS. You may — as long as I have *not* considered it carefully. If you give me time to think it over, then I may not allow it.

GUARDSMAN (*embarrassed*). Well, then, I will give you time to think it over. (*He says this from sheer cowardice, but gives a look of pride nevertheless.*)

ACTRESS. I *have* thought it over. Yes! You may say it! (*There is an embarrassing pause. The* GUARDSMAN *has risen.*)

GUARDSMAN (*his face expressing the idea that he cannot help what may come*). Since you permit it, I will tell you. This other feeling is — Love! I respect what you have told me. I respect the fact that you are in love with your husband.

ACTRESS. I did not say that.

GUARDSMAN. I beg your pardon, you did say it.

ACTRESS. I said that I love my husband. But between loving and being in love there is a wider gulf than between not loving and being in love.

GUARDSMAN (*embarrassed*). Yes. — I have seen him often on the stage. A handsome man! (*He crosses to her and stands between the bench and chair* 1.)

ACTRESS. Yes, he is handsome.

GUARDSMAN. A *very* handsome man.

ACTRESS. Many women admire him.

GUARDSMAN. You say that as if you were not — one of t[illegible]ny.

ACTRESS. Oh yes [illegible] admire him too. You see, he is an intelligent man as well — which is very rare among the vain stage-folk.

GUARDSMAN. He is intelligent. (*He says this happily.*)

ACTRESS. Yes.

GUARDSMAN. One might call him a *very* intelligent man.

ACTRESS. I am not prepared to say quite that. A good actor and an intelligent man — that combination might be possible. But a *very* intelligent man who would paste on a false beard and recite memorized stuff — no, that 's not very plausible.

GUARDSMAN. And now — now I will speak a bit more freely (*sits down at her feet*) than before. Odd, is n't it, that I should announce it so solemnly. But I am afraid of you. There is something so masterful in your eyes.

ACTRESS. Speak freely.

GUARDSMAN. Quite freely.

ACTRESS. As freely as you like.

GUARDSMAN. It concerns you and your husband. Do you think it quite impossible, quite entirely inconceivable that you —

ACTRESS (*rising gravely*). That I — ?

GUARDSMAN (*his head drooping, but*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speaking clearly and distinctly). That you could ever deceive him?

ACTRESS (*looking him long and gravely in the eyes, throwing the roses on the floor at his feet, then turning her head with a jerk*). Mamma! (*She goes to* MAMMA, *sits down beside her, asking, in a casual indifferent tone*) Is the big duet over yet?

(*The* GUARDSMAN *is alone, C down front. Beaming with joy he lifts up the roses and kisses them, lets them fall again, rises, breathes in deep relief, looks around, sees the armchair by the opposite wall, crosses to it, speaks to it.*)

GUARDSMAN. You — armchair you! Since there is n't a human being here whom I can tell that I am the happiest man on earth — since it 's quite impossible for me to do what I would so unconscionably like to do, proclaim to all the world that my wife is the purest and truest creature alive — you simple, modest upholsterer's product — (*sentimental*) you poor four-footed thing — you at least shall know of my happiness, permit me to press you to my overflowing heart. (*He leans over the chair just as the* ACTRESS *rises and comes back to him. He drops into the chair quickly.*)

ACTRESS. Do you know why I have come back?

GUARDSMAN. Why?

ACTRESS. Because I felt that I had been a little too harsh with you.

GUARDSMAN (*unhappy*). Yes — yes — were n't you?

ACTRESS. After all, I am to blame. I allowed you to ask this — this terrible question.

GUARDSMAN. But you gave me the fitting answer to it.

ACTRESS. Not yet.

GUARDSMAN (*rising, horrified*). What? When you left me in such an unequivocally insulting fashion — without a word! (*He rises, stands behind the chair.*)

ACTRESS. That was my mistake — insulting you. I should have said to you as calmly, as cheerily, as honestly as I now say it that I would never, never be capable of deceiving my husband. (*He would like to take her in his arms, but controls himself in mid-motion.*) I beg your pardon for it.

GUARDSMAN (*happily*). For being true to him?

ACTRESS. No — but for not telling you that at once.

GUARDSMAN. There is no healing for my hurt —

ACTRESS. My dear friend.

GUARDSMAN. Yes — that is what they usually say on such occasions.

ACTRESS (*with emphasis*). My poor friend —

GUARDSMAN. In this moment, dear gracious lady, there is but one truly happy man — I, myself — and if you would know all — (*growing more excited in his happiness*) if you would know everything — (*His wide gesture of relief must show that he believes the moment fit for unmasking — but just then there is a knock at the door of the box.*)

ACTRESS. Sh! — Was n't that a knock?

GUARDSMAN. Yes — (*The* CRITIC *enters. The* GUARDSMAN *crosses quickly to the* CRITIC, L.) I am so happy!

CRITIC. She has n't recognized you?

GUARDSMAN. Can anyone recognize me?

CRITIC. You see it can be done.

GUARDSMAN. No, no, she has not recognized me. If she has — that would be terrible — then it would be all in vain. (*Looks back.*) Oh no — she has n't a suspicion. She spoke as she has never spoken to me before.

ACTRESS (*coming down front nervously and standing by the column* R). Do you know that it is perfectly preposterous how conceited you are?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUARDSMAN (*warmer*). Everything — I would gladly give up everything — for one tender glance from you.

ACTRESS (*to the* CRITIC). Well, Bernhard, that 's rather nice, is n't it?

CRITIC. That also is quite natural.

GUARDSMAN. I have been quite correct and candid in my behavior thus far and therefore the presence of Doctor — (*seeking the name*) Doctor Bernhard will not prevent me from declaring openly before him — as a witness — there is in all the world no woman, no career, no happiness whatever that would not be absolutely meaningless to me if you — if you —

ACTRESS. If I — ?

GUARDSMAN. You know what I would say.

ACTRESS. I know, I know, but I want to hear it.

GUARDSMAN (*horrified*). What?

ACTRESS. Now I want to hear it. A few moments ago, when you — took advantage of our being alone to make your confession — I did not want to hear it — but now — now it 's all the same. (*Very nervous*) Now nothing matters — now I want to hear it.

GUARDSMAN (*horrified*). What do you want to hear?

ACTRESS. I want to hear the end of that long sentence — that there is no woman in the world — that — that — oh, what do I know? — I want to hear that you love me!

GUARDSMAN. Please — dear lady — Marie —

(*The* GUARDSMAN *is* R *now.*)

ACTRESS (*laying one arm around the* CRITIC'S *neck, speaking happily, joyously, warmly*). Bernhard — this man is no classic example of manly beauty — but at last — at last a man who has no ringing voice, a man who, thank God, is neither intelligent, nor brilliant — nor melancholy, nor sentimental — a man whose brain is not perverse or whimsical — Bernhard, this man is simple, honest, stupid, good-looking, young, and vigorous — he comes from his barracks and does n't know how to behave — dear old friend — at last — after all these years — at last a Man!

CRITIC. Congratulations.

ACTRESS (*hiding her face on the* CRITIC'S *shoulder and speaking like a timid half-ashamed child*). Dear Bernhard — good old friend — this man has upset me —

GUARDSMAN. I have just one thing to ask of you now — go away.

CRITIC. It looks very bad. She seems to care for you.

GUARDSMAN. Please — I beg of you — go away.

CRITIC. You have my sympathy, poor fellow. She is in love with you.

GUARDSMAN. Go!

CRITIC. You are afraid she will fall on your neck, in my presence?

GUARDSMAN. Go — please go — that will be a dreadful moment. I don't want you here then.

(*The* CRITIC *turns to go. The* ACTRESS, *who now comes forward, cannot see him.*)

ACTRESS. You have behaved like a schoolboy, Count. Men have killed themselves for me — but not one man has ever drawn from me — the things I have just said to you. You do not know what fame has befallen you. You do not feel the value of it. Oh, I was mad — I do not know what is happening to me.

(*The* CRITIC *runs out in horror.*)

GUARDSMAN. Dear lady, I — I must confess — that this great happiness — has unmanned me. It would not be surprising — if I should weep for sheer joy!

ACTRESS. How afraid you *must* be of me if it makes you so cross! Now you want to get rid of me — you have had enough all of a sudden. Very well. I will tell you something — something that will either make you run away, or force you to my feet. (*With a voice that*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brooks no contradiction) I will not let you go!

[The Third Act passes in the Actress's drawing-room. The Guardsman has promised to come to tea. But he cannot very well keep his promise, for his double, the Actor, suddenly appears — to receive no very warm welcome from his wife.]

ACTRESS. Well — well — it's you?

ACTOR (*declaiming*). My coming, then, is unexpected? — But my heart's impulse drove me to it. — Cyprus still calls me, and my people. — The foe my sturdy fortress threatens. — I came with faith and hope, high pulsing with all sweet —

ACTRESS. Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't! What's brought you back so soon?

ACTOR. What's that? I come back to you a whole day sooner, and all you have to say is 'What's brought you back so soon?' Is that all your greeting? Your kiss, your embrace?

ACTRESS. I demand that you tell me — straight out — what vulgar suspicions you are harboring this time — and who put that sort of thing into your head.

ACTOR. No one has told me a single thing. — Yesterday afternoon, after I had left — there was a soldier here.

ACTRESS. Oh, please, leave me in peace — you are perfectly horrid!

ACTOR. That sounds more natural. When you speak to me so beautifully, so affectionately — I'll go of my own free will! (*He lays off hat and coat.*)

ACTRESS. You may perhaps permit me some little interest in the reasons that have prevented you from playing a single one of your three evenings in Olmütz?

ACTOR. It was a very simple reason, my dear. This morning I received a telegram from our own theatre saying that Krauss was ill and that if he was not better by night they would put on *Hamlet*. And as — with your kind permission — I have played *Hamlet* for the last ten years, and as Krauss has never yet been better by night — it is quite natural that —

ACTRESS. Thanks. That suffices — you can spare me the rest of the lecture. (*Pause. She stands by the window.*)

ACTOR. Well — in short, here I am — with my sweet little wife. (*Is about to pinch her cheek. She starts back annoyed. There is a pause. He throws himself down on the sofa. Looking at the clock*) It's past four o'clock — no use going to the Café now.

ACTRESS. You'll stay home?

ACTOR. Yes.

ACTRESS. Until time for the performance?

ACTOR. Yes. I'll go over to the theatre a little after seven.

ACTRESS (*with a sigh*). Very well. (*She rises and turns to the door. He looks after her.*)

ACTOR. Where are you going?

ACTRESS (*changing her direction and slowing her pace*). Nowhere in particular. (*She sits down at back of stage. There is a pause.*)

ACTOR (*ingenuously*). Well, what did you do with yourself all last evening? (*He sits up.*)

ACTRESS. Nothing.

ACTOR (*rising, moving books or some bit of furniture mechanically*). You did n't go anywhere?

ACTRESS. No.

ACTOR (*looking out of window*). Were n't you going to the opera?

ACTRESS. Oh, that's so — I did go. I quite forgot it.

ACTOR. Was it boresome?

ACTRESS. As usual.

ACTOR. Then you were bored?

ACTRESS. Hm! (*The* ACTOR *slams down the piano cover.*) What does that mean? What is the matter with you?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACTOR. Nothing. (*Pause*) I suppose you had Bernhard in your box as usual? (*Sits on the armchair C by the sofa.*)

ACTRESS. As usual.

ACTOR. You were alone here at home; then you dressed and went to the opera with mamma, box No. 4, second tier.

ACTRESS. In other words, you've paid someone ten gulden to spy on me.

ACTOR. Twenty gulden, possibly.

ACTRESS. Excellent. Box 4, second tier, that was where we sat.

ACTOR. You did n't exactly sit.

ACTRESS. How's that?

ACTOR. You spent the greater part of the first act at the back of the box.

ACTRESS. Then you acknowledge openly that this is no mere questioning, but an inquisition?

ACTOR. If you wish — I will confess it.

ACTRESS. And you expect me to play up to you in this ridiculous game? You think I will answer your cross-questioning?

ACTOR. You came in about fifteen minutes before the end of the first act? At the same time an automobile drew up to the theatre entrance?

ACTRESS. That does n't concern me.

ACTOR. A blonde officer of the Guards got out of the automobile. Tell me that it's not true.

ACTRESS. I don't say that it is not true — it might have been, how should I know?

ACTOR. The Guardsman hurried up to the second tier and went straight to your box.

ACTRESS. That may be.

ACTOR. At forty-seven minutes past eight you rose from your seat and withdrew to the back of the box, where —

ACTRESS. Where — ?

ACTOR. Where a splash of vermilion —

ACTRESS. Hung on the hatrack. It was my evening cloak, the one you gave me on my twenty-ninth birthday.

ACTOR. Your thirtieth birthday, my dear.

ACTRESS. The twenty-ninth.

ACTOR. Thirty.

ACTRESS. Twenty-nine.

ACTOR. Well, it does n't matter.

ACTRESS. It does matter.

ACTOR. The twenty-ninth then.

ACTRESS. That sounds better.

ACTOR. Very well — a Guardsman's red coat.

ACTRESS. A red evening-cloak.

ACTOR. A red evening-cloak — very well, then, a red evening-cloak — but it had a helmet belonging to it and a white horsetail on the helmet — and all this was on the bench.

ACTRESS (*throwing herself on the sofa, in tears*). And you really — seriously — think that I — that — that in your absence — while you were slaving away — earning money — that I — was amusing myself — with soldiers?

ACTOR. But dear — dear child — don't excite yourself so — don't make such a scene! I did n't say that you were amusing yourself with soldiers —

ACTRESS. What did you say then? You said something much worse. And what are you doing now? You're thinking that I have lied to you — that I am deceiving you.

ACTOR. Oh, for Heaven's sake don't get so excited.

ACTRESS. And even if it were the truth, this lie — oh, I'm sure it was some of that Sonnenfels woman's insinuations — even if it were true that I did meet such a man — how could that change the fact that I have given you my young precious life? (*Weeps.*)

ACTOR. But my dear good girl —

ACTRESS. *Dare* you do that to me?

ACTOR. But my darling, this is really —

ACTRESS. You're killing my very soul —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACTOR. Oh, my dear — what nonsense —

ACTRESS. Tell me with real conviction — from your very heart — that you do not believe these malicious lies.

ACTOR. I do not believe them.

ACTRESS. Did you say that with all your heart, with no ulterior thought?

ACTOR. With all my heart, with no ulterior thoughts.

ACTRESS. You love me and trust me?

ACTOR. I love you and trust you.

ACTRESS. It was all lies and slander — someone's been making a pretty fool of you?

ACTOR. It was all lies and slander.

ACTRESS. There was no one here? There was no one in the box?

ACTOR. No one!

ACTRESS. I was there alone with mamma and I thought of you — and thought of your beautiful ardent eyes — and I longed for you and wanted you with me — I loved you.

ACTOR. You dear good —

ACTRESS (*rising slowly*). *How* I must love you, to be able to forgive this! I forgive you.

(*The* ACTOR *kneels before her. He remains on his knees for a few moments, then sits back on his heels, stares dully, and nods.*)

CRITIC (*coming in*). What on earth are you doing there?

ACTOR. Quiet — don't disturb me.

(*The* CRITIC *looks around; there is a pause; then he goes to the* ACTOR.)

CRITIC. What is the trouble, my friend?

ACTOR. I am believing her word that I was not with her yesterday.

CRITIC. That's different. (*Goes up stage.*)

ACTOR (*rising*). What do you say to that?

CRITIC. She made you believe that you were not there?

ACTOR. Yes. I could n't hold her anywhere. I could prove nothing against her — unless I revealed myself to her —

CRITIC. Well, why did n't you?

ACTOR. Please go —

CRITIC. So long. (*He goes out.*)

ACTRESS (*coming in*). You're still here?

ACTOR. Why should I have gone away?

ACTRESS. I heard the door close. Do go out for a little while. After this dreadful scene — let me be alone with myself — I am nervous.

ACTOR. Very well, my love. To show you how considerate I am of your nerves — I will go. Just let me unpack my costume first to get the wrinkles out.

(*The* ACTRESS *sighs and sits down* L, *turning her back on him. The* ACTOR *begins to take things out of his trunk. He chatters on lightly and easily at first, making conversation, saying anything that comes into his head while she answers indifferently. She is not in the least interested, wants only to get him out of the house, but answers anything so that his attention will not be attracted by her silence. When she sees that he is determined to stay on and talk, she becomes more easy and natural in her very recklessness, this rather surprising him and for a moment upsetting him. After he has opened his trunk, he takes off his coat as if to move the more easily about his work. Piece by piece, as indicated in the business following the lines, he takes out the red uniform coat worn by him as the* GUARDSMAN, *smooths it, hangs it on a chair until he has taken from the trunk the helmet, sword, wig, moustache, white gloves, and so forth. Then one after the other he puts them on, throws the long white mantle over his shoulder, and gradually changes his voice and bearing to those of the* GUARDSMAN. *When the scene of the unpacking, dressing, and so forth, is over, the clock strikes five and he comes forward to meet his wife, as the*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUARDSMAN. *The conversation that goes on during this scene must be as indifferent and unimportant as possible to show that both of them are merely sparring for time.*)

ACTOR. It's bad enough to have to interrupt my tour for Krauss's sake. (*Pause*) For once they arrange the repertoire so that I have three evenings free — then it occurs to Krauss to get sick. I doubt if he is any more sick than I am. You know he's getting thirty-six thousand crowns a year now.

ACTRESS. And yet he's up to his ears in debt.

ACTOR. Yes, the way he plunges it's no wonder he can't get along with thirty-six thousand a year. What he needs for clothes, shoes, ties — on the stage and off — he ought to be able to get easily for eight hundred a month — that makes nine thousand six hundred a year, altogether sixteen thousand.

ACTRESS (*as before*). Sixteen thousand.

ACTOR. Then underwear and linen, food, light and heat — (*He lays the helmet on the table near the sofa.*)

ACTRESS. Light and heat — yes —

ACTOR. On a *very* liberal estimate, fourteen thousand. That's together thirty thousand. (*Here he puts the sword on the sofa.*) If we add six thousand for cigars there's your thirty-six thousand. Where's the poverty in that? (*He has taken wig and moustache from a box. Smoothes the wig carefully.*)

ACTRESS. I did n't say anything about poverty. I merely said that one could n't live in luxury on that amount.

ACTOR. That depends upon what you call luxury. (*The* ACTOR *throws the long cloak over screen near the fire.*) One could live very well in the suburbs —

ACTRESS. Suburbs?

(*The* ACTOR *now takes off his everyday coat and puts on the coat belonging to the uniform and the blonde wig. He proceeds to put on the helmet and throws the cloak over his shoulder. When he reaches the lines 'The Court and Court life gives,' and so forth, he is completely dressed and looks as he did in the First and Second Acts.*)

ACTOR. Don't scorn the suburbs. Of course I would n't want to live there myself —

ACTRESS. *You* would n't want to live there — but you expect someone else to do so?

ACTOR. The trolley goes past the door.

ACTRESS. And a front apartment for twenty-four hundred crowns? I am surprised. I've seen apartments right out at the foot of the Kahlenberg, but they were just as dear as those in the best part of the town. (*Her tone is now quite calm and assured.*)

ACTOR. But you can't call it a suburb. It has such an aristocratic atmosphere. (*To frighten her he begins to bring the* GUARDSMAN'S *intonation into his voice.*)

ACTRESS. Yes — yes.

ACTOR (*now entirely the* GUARDSMAN). This refined, dignified, quiet atmosphere — especially as you approach the Castle — The Court and Court life gives the whole place a sort of distinction. (*The clock strikes five. He puts on cloak and helmet, comes forward with military erectness, draws his heels together, and salutes. With a smile*) Exactly five o'clock! His Majesty himself could not be more punctual! (*He moves back a step.*)

(*The* ACTRESS *rises, looks at him. Pause. Suddenly a smile brightens her face. She takes on the tone and manner which she had when with the* GUARDSMAN, *and speaks with artless ease.*)

ACTRESS. Good afternoon, Count. Won't you sit down? (*She points to his former place.*) I began to think you were not coming.

ACTOR. Yes?

ACTRESS. How was the Court ball of yesterday? That affected conversation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must be terribly boresome sometimes — when no one dares a loud word or an eager movement. Were you there long?

ACTOR (*in his own voice*). What's all this mean? What are you talking about?

ACTRESS. What?

ACTOR. What's all this mean? Are you trying out a part — are you acting?

ACTRESS. Am I acting? It is you who are acting, my dear. Why, you're even in costume.

ACTOR. But I don't understand. Instead of begging my forgiveness — now that you're exposed — instead of realizing that the moment has come when even your lies are of no avail — you are — you are — what does this mean? How can you talk like this! Does n't all *this* (*looks down at himself*) explain it all to you?

ACTRESS. Why yes.

ACTOR. Well — then what are you doing?

ACTRESS. What am I doing? I'm carrying on the little comedy from where we left off last night — the comedy that I've been playing for your sake since yesterday afternoon. If you wish we can keep it up — but I fancy we have had enough of it by now —

ACTOR. You've been acting — ever since five o'clock yesterday afternoon?

ACTRESS (*decided*). Yes.

ACTOR. And you mean to say — (*Rises, almost in horror.*) Great Heavens — you mean to say now — that you recognized me at once?

ACTRESS. I not only mean to say it — I do say it. And not only do I say it, but it is true.

ACTOR. No! That would be maddening — if in this terrible moment — this moment which should be so terrible for you — you should be able to escape so easily.

ACTRESS (calmly). You appeared here yesterday afternoon at five o'clock. At one minute past five I had recognized you. At two minutes past five I was wondering whether I should laugh in your face — and at three minutes past five I had decided to carry on the joke — to act it out until the end.

ACTOR. That is not true.

ACTRESS. You poor fellow —

ACTOR. I don't follow — why am I 'poor'?

ACTRESS. You trust yourself to play a difficult part sufficiently well to deceive even me — and yet you don't trust me to play a much easier one — even though —

ACTOR. Even though?

ACTRESS. Even though my acting ability is fully equal to yours.

ACTOR. Tut, tut, tut —

ACTRESS. Why don't you trust my ability to trick you? Answer me! Why should you play the Guardsman so well that I believe in him, and why should n't I be able to act the woman who believed in the Guardsman well enough for you to believe my belief?

ACTOR. Because I simply could not be recognized — whatever you may say.

(MAID *comes in, goes straight to the* ACTOR, *speaks to him.*)

MAID. Please, sir —

ACTOR (*shouting*). W-w-w-what!!

(*A* CREDITOR *appears in the door.*)

CREDITOR. Your servant, sir —

MAID. The man's been annoying us again with his old bill — but I told him the master was n't home and that he could n't come in.

(CREDITOR *comes in,* MAID *goes out.*)

CREDITOR (*looking first at the* ACTRESS, *then at the* ACTOR). I'm sorry to have to bother such a great artist — but if I might have at least fifty crowns on account? (*Hands him the bill with a pleading gesture.*)

ACTOR (*with the* GUARDSMAN'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voice). Artist? Where's your artist? Whom do you mistake me for?

CREDITOR (*with a sly smile*). You'll have your little joke, sir.

ACTOR. Who's joking, you idiot? Whom do you take me for?

CREDITOR (*with a crafty smile and an expressive gesture*). Oh, sir, you can't fool a man who's had so much to do with actors. Sir, it ain't worth it, for that miserable fifty crowns — believe me.

ACTOR (*giving him a bill*). Be off with you! (*The* CREDITOR *goes.*)

ACTRESS. There you see, my dear, I —

ACTOR. I see nothing at all. I'm not made up. I have no boots, nor the right kind of trousers — and it's broad daylight here besides. It was half dark yesterday — and more so in the box. And suppose he did recognize me — *you* did *not*. Oh no, my dear, that does n't mean that you recognized me, not by a good deal. Now tell me honestly — is it really true that you did recognize me?

ACTRESS. I will tell you as honestly as you could wish — I did.

ACTOR (*sitting* C). I believe you — but why did n't you say so at once?

ACTRESS (*going to him*). Because I wanted you to play out this mad farce, this farce that radiated so much really true, really great love — I wanted you to play it out to the end.

ACTOR. Which means — that if I want to behave like a sensible man, I must believe that you recognized me the very first minute?

ACTRESS. The second — I owe that to your professional ability. Yes, I would believe it if I were you.

ACTOR. You would?

ACTRESS. Yes, without hesitation. (*Charming, self-assured, but sincere*) You owe that to your peace of mind. Don't say 'if' or 'but' — I warn you that if you do not believe me now, I have really nothing more to offer. This is the only (*suddenly*) and besides it's really true —

ACTOR. Yes. (*He reflects.*)

ACTRESS. Well — can you do it?

ACTOR. Strange — you lied so glibly a moment back — and now you're racking your brains —

ACTRESS. Oh, yes, my dear — now that I don't have to —

ACTOR. Out with it then — some little lie, some halfway-credible lie.

ACTRESS. Yes, you who gave yourself away when you praised your own cigarettes. Everyone else reviles them — you're the only man who likes them.

ACTOR. That's not bad — not bad at all — you're improving — keep on —

ACTRESS (*charmingly*). And then — your kiss — but I really mean this seriously — you could n't disguise your kiss — it was so — so sincere — so entirely your own — it was impossible not to recognize it — that sweet, warm, sad look —

ACTOR. And that betrayed me?

ACTRESS. Yes. You're looking at me like that now.

ACTOR (*kneeling before her*). Dearest and wisest of women.

ACTRESS. Do you love me?

ACTOR. I love you.

ACTRESS. And — you will never again put me to the test?

ACTOR. Never again.

ACTRESS. You will trust me?

ACTOR. Always and forever.

ACTRESS. Do you believe me?

ACTOR. I believe you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Secret of the Coup d'État. An Unpublished Correspondence of Prince Louis Napoleon, MM. de Morny, de Flahaut, and Others, 1848 to 1852. Edited, with an introduction, by the Earl of Kerry. And a Study by Philip Guedalla. London: Constable, 1924. 18*s*.

GHOSTS galore are laid to rest in this important collection of hitherto unpublished letters in which various actors in that prodigious piece of opéra bouffe, 'The Second Empire,' set forth their strange activities. Even the person whose knowledge of historic events is only of a casual nature will be interested in the new information that the Earl of Kerry has gathered; and the readers of E. Phillips Oppenheim who despair of finding in modern diplomacy the romance that he weaves into it will here discover that master of fiction put to shame not by a mere historian or story-teller but by emperors, generals, and diplomats who have themselves experienced all the appropriate emotions.

Mr. Guedalla, in a lively preface, indicates the seven subjects that these letters have settled: —

(1) Parentage of Napoleon III.

(2) Orleanist plans for a coup d'état in 1851.

(3) Flahaut's complicity in Louis Napoleon's plans.

(4) Louis Napoleon's occupations on the night of the coup d'état.

(5) Casualties of the coup d'état.

(6) Causes of Palmerston's resignation.

(7) Conduct of Queen Victoria after the fall of Palmerston.

The first of these is perhaps the most interesting, especially in the light of certain revelations by one of those periodically anonymous writers who, in 'Uncensored Recollections,' brings up the old charge of illegitimacy against Napoleon III, apparently on the testimony of a learned picture-gallery attendant. Count Flahaut was the lover of Napoleon's mother, Queen Hortense, and he ought to know what he is talking about when he clears up her eldest son's parentage. The subject of legitimacy naturally plays a large part in a book dealing with so many of the best European families, and even that staid London journal, the *Daily Telegraph*, is impelled to comment: —

> Indeed we are constantly reminded of curious relationships between the persons of this particular drama. Flahaut is the unacknowledged father of Morny; Morny is the unacknowledged half-brother of Napoleon; Flahaut writes to Morny, his son, as '*mon cher ami*'; Morny responds in the same terms; and when Napoleon has occasion to write to Flahaut he uses the phrase, '*Mon cher Général.*' If it be asked how these letters came to be published by the Earl of Kerry, the answer is simple. Flahaut's daughter Emily married Lord Lansdowne's father; Flahaut is thus Lord Kerry's great-grandfather.

One of the clearest summaries of *The Secret of the Coup d'État* appeared in the London *Times*: —

> The letters which Lord Kerry has drawn from papers preserved in his family to form this volume are a serious contribution to the history of the Second Empire. They will be all the better appreciated for their editor's wisdom in refraining from making a fat volume by the inclusion of every scrap of writing on which he could lay hands. Mr. Philip Guedalla furnishes a prefatory essay, in which he summarizes the importance of this documentary 'find' with lucidity and judgment, and fills in the background by a sketch of the coup d'état, and of the Comte de Flahaut's earlier life in the service of Napoleon I, that shows the same keen sense of dramatic values and of picturesque detail that marked his book, *The Second Empire*.
>
> Flahaut was at Quatre Bras and heard Napoleon give one of the most momentous orders in the history of war: '*Allons, Grouchy, poursuivez les Prussiens l'épée dans les reins*'; and during the flight from the field of Waterloo it was he who held the failing Emperor in his saddle. After the Restoration he came to England, and married Miss Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, daughter of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lord Keith. Their eldest girl, Emily, married Lord Shelburne, son of the 'Nestor of the Whigs,' the third Lord Lansdowne. That is how the Flahaut papers come to be edited by her grandson, Lord Kerry.

They disclose the fact that Flahaut, long suspected of complicity in the coup d'état, did, in fact, crown his long years of service to the uncle by helping to plan the stroke that founded the Empire of the nephew. They contain Louis Napoleon's autograph note inviting him to join the cavalcade that swept through Paris on the morning of December 2, 1851, with the Prince President at its head, testing his popularity. But they contain something far more valuable to historians — that is, the final official report of the casualties in the street-fighting during the three days of the coup, sent on December 25 to the President by de Maupas, Prefect of Police. This crucial document, the absence of which has perplexed historians, was apparently forwarded afterward to Flahaut in England, in order that he might rebut the allegations of Louis Napoleon's enemies about the 'butcher's bill.' It is given here in facsimile, with a translation. The essential paragraph reads as follows: —

'Excluding, therefore, the military, the number of dead is approximately 225, of whom 137 were killed at the barricades and 88 died from their wounds or were accidentally killed, having taken no part in the rising. The number of these regrettable incidents is about eight to ten. The number of wounded is upward of 119, without reckoning cases which may have been concealed from us from fear of ulterior consequences.'

On any view this is a very important aid to the solution of a problem on which historians still differ; though later writers, like Mr. Simpson and Mr. Guedalla, who in his book puts the figure at 'something more than 100 and less than 500 civilians,' have steadily tended to reduce the scale attributed to the 'massacre' by Victor Hugo and Kinglake.

Among the consequences of the coup d'état was the dismissal of Palmerston from the Foreign Office, for allowing the new French Government to understand that he approved of their stroke without consulting the Cabinet or the Queen. Part of his defense in a well-known memorandum, printed in his Life, was that he had evidence of an impending Orleanist coup, so that Louis Napoleon was really only the winner of a race. Cautious historians have been slow to accept his assertion, but it is supported by several passages in this correspondence — for instance, by Flahaut's assertion that de Joinville had been provided with a Belgian passport 'for his recent escapade,' and by a letter from Lady Palmerston repeating the story that 'the Princess de Joinville said, in her despair and lamentations at the loss of her hopes, "*Et mois qui croyais être à Paris le* 20." '

There are, however, several points of special interest on which this review does not touch. H. A. L. Fisher, author of several historical works on this period, and Lowell Institute lecturer in Boston, in 1909, writes as follows in the *Observer:* —

The coup d'état was almost universally denounced in England. It was abhorrent to the Queen, held up to popular execration by Tennyson, and scourged again and again in the hectoring columns of the *Times*. No political transaction could have been better calculated to affront the liberty-loving sentiment of the British people than this sudden erection of a despotic government in France. So vehement was the feeling that Palmerston lost place and power by expressing his public approval of the act of violence. Nor was the indignation confined to Britain. The greatest of French poets denounced the massacre of the Rue Montmartre as worse than St. Bartholomew and the Dragonades, the Sicilian Vespers, and the butcheries of September, as 'the most colossal dagger's blow which a brigand let loose on civilization has ever given, we will not say to a people, but to the whole human race.'

We do not now take Victor Hugo very seriously, or go to the *Histoire d'un Crime* for a careful narrative of the facts. But, dithyrambics apart, the case against Louis Bonaparte is that he betrayed the Republic which he had sworn to defend, shooting down civilians in the streets and imprisoning without trial or process of law his political opponents. The case on the other side is that, in acting as he did, he divined and obtained the approval of France.

To some minds imperially inclined it may seem that the Flahaut correspondence supplies a fresh crop of extenuating circumstances to be considered by the jury. First it appears to be probable that the Prince President was not the sole conspirator against the Republic, and that the Orleanist Princes — who, however, had sworn no oath to the constitution — were also on the move for a coup d'état. We have, for instance, a letter from Lady Palmerston reporting, in 1852, that the Princesse de Joinville had been heard to say, '*Et moi qui croyais être à Paris le* 20,' and a further statement from Flahaut that the Prince de Joinville, who had left Claremont for Ostend, was provided with a Belgian passport for 'his recent escapade.' The evidence is not conclusive, but it certainly tends to corroborate the story of an Orleans plot which Mr. Guedalla had accepted in his *Second Empire*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Later on in the same article he also speaks of the justification of the *coup d'état*, in the eyes of the conspirators themselves, as follows: —

It was, however, at best a very nasty business, and the conspirators were not entirely happy about it. The Prince himself had scruples, as we learn from Morny, and though Flahaut worked hard to allay British hostility, it is clear that he had his private misgivings. 'If I could wipe out the second of December,' he writes to his son, 'I would willingly do so. After all, I had but little part in it, and if it had not been for you I should not have been there at all. Recent events have dispelled the illusion that we inaugurated a happier future for our country on that day.'

The recent events were the confiscation of the private property of the Orleans family and the rupture between Morny and his half-brother. To the enormity of the confiscation both Morny and his father were strongly and very properly opposed. So too was Palmerston who, in an admirable interview, urges, with the blunt and downright sincerity of his character, that the Emperor should undo his evil work. 'We have,' he said to Flahaut, 'in one of Sheridan's comedies a phrase which perfectly expresses the position: "An affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation." At any rate, if I might give advice to the Prince, I should not hesitate to say to him: "You have done a thing which has pained your best friends; it has alienated from you men who wished you well, and whose services it was your interest to retain; it has roused against you public opinion all over Europe, and from the manner in which it was carried through it threatens to cause anxiety as to your attitude toward the rights of property, and I should add the best thing that you can do is to back out of it."' Excellent advice, but just the kind of magnanimous counsel which Napoleon III, for all his virtues, was unlikely and unwilling to obey.

The *Times Literary Supplement* prints a leading article, entitled 'The Days of December,' in which it gives a complete outline of the book, from which the following excerpt, referring to the state of affairs in 1852, is quoted: —

At that date the four-year term of the President and the three-year term of the Assembly both expired and, to ensure symmetry, the Assembly had by special decree ordained that both authorities should cease in the same month. Thereby, as was remarked, nothing would be left but 'two dying powers confronting two dumb voting-urns' — and what would happen then? The Monarchists might be inclined to veil their programme, if not their aspirations, but the Reds were cheerfully explicit. '*Ce qui s'ensuivra, sans doute*,' wrote Proudhon to a friend, '*sera la dissolution de la France*' and all over Europe the secret societies began to stir. 'You must now understand,' writes Morny to Madame de Flahaut at the beginning of 1851, after a mournful survey of the chessboard with its menacing opposition of red and white, 'what chance the President has got of being legally reëlected. In my opinion he has none, and the solution of the matter must be extra-legal.'

The Secret of the Coup d'État gives us one more view of a period as irrevocably past and as thoroughly characteristic as the eighteenth century itself; but the event that the book describes is by no means so dead as the members of the society that achieved it. As Mr. Guedalla says in his introduction: —

The coup d'état was an event which deflected French history, and, by making possible the Second Empire, left a deep mark on the broader record of Europe. The work of those short winter days in 1851 helped to free Italy and to unite Germany; and its details possess a more than anecdotic significance. Few observers can have had a closer view of them than M. de Flahaut.

✻

BOOKS MENTIONED

CAHILL, J. R., Commercial Counsellor of the British Embassy in Paris. *Report on the Economic Condition of France.* London: His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1924. 6*s.* net.

LONDRES, ALBERT. *Au Bagne.* Paris: Albin Michel, 1923.

MOLNAR, FRANZ. *The Guardsman.* Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1924. (For early publication.)

MOLNAR, FRANZ. *Der Leibgardist.* Komodie in Drei Aufzügen. Wien und Leipzig: Deutsch-Österreichischer Verlag, 1922.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG OUR AUTHORS

Joseph Caillaux has set at rest the minds of many who feared that he might follow the precedent of other French politicians and allow personal jealousy to make him carp at Herriot's Government. One of the most vigorous figures in France before the war, he shared with his wife the spotlight of publicity for several months early in 1914. Since then he has been tried for treason, exiled, forgotten, remembered, and finally amnestied. During Poincaré's stewardship his name was a rallying-cry for discontents of the left wing. **William Bolitho** is a staff correspondent of the London *Outlook* and one of the liveliest of the younger British journalists. His book of essays, *Leviathan*, has just been published in this country. ¶Humorist, cartoonist, and editor, **Albert Engström** has achieved the unique distinction, for one of his profession, of being elected to the Swedish Academy.

The investigation conducted by **Albert Londres** in the French convict settlements in Guiana, which is described in this issue by the Russian journalist, **A. Rogozhin,** will probably be followed by their abandonment. M. Herriot is said to have reached a final decision on the subject and to anticipate no difficulty in passing the necessary legislation. The Guiana convicts will probably be brought back to a new central penitentiary in France. Meantime the indefatigable M. Londres has turned his attention to the penal settlements maintained in North Africa by the French Army. ¶In our issue of September 6 we gave **General Baratier's** complete history. He was one of the few general officers killed in action, falling in 1917 at the head of his troops, twenty yards from the enemy's lines. **Paul Jacobstahl** has lived in Greece most of his life, and was for part of this time in the service of the Greek Government. He is at present Professor of Archæology at Marburg University.

Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, **Hugh Macnaghten** is superlatively qualified to discuss the classics. In his university days he won prizes for epigrams and odes in Greek and Latin, and later became a Fellow of his college. He has written books on Coué, Catullus, and Eton, where he has been teaching for the last thirty-eight years. In 1920 he was appointed Vice-Provost, a post that he has held ever since. **Dudley Wright** is now assistant-editor of the *Freemason*, and London correspondent to various American and Colonial newspapers. He has written books on a variety of religious subjects. They include Roman Catholicism and Freemasonry, the Rationale of Spiritualism, a Manual of Buddhism, Studies in Islam and Christianity. He began life as a Nonconformist minister, after attending University and King's College, Oxford. ¶Few Englishmen know China better than **Rodney Gilbert,** whose articles are a standard feature of the *North China Herald*, a British weekly published in Shanghai.

Broadway has already made the acquaintance of the Hungarian dramatist, **Franz Molnar,** author of *Liliom* and *The Swan*. When *Liliom* was produced in 1921 it succeeded in amazing almost everyone except Mr. George Jean Nathan, that imperturbable critic of the Hungarian theatre and the *American Mercury*. In his new book, *Materia Critica*, Mr. Nathan has a squib about Franz Molnar, some of which is very much in point as far as *The Guardsman* is concerned. He says: 'The popular conception of Franz Molnar in this country is of a persistently sardonic, and even iconoclastic, fellow who views the world mainly with a dubious half-closed left eye and who, for all his periods of warm sympathy and gracious concern, is yet at bottom at once a skeptic and a cynic.' This, of course, is quite wrong. Molnar is really a sentimentalist whose 'inherent and incorruptible literary-dramatic talent . . . conceals the personal and psychic peculiarities of the man himself.' It is interesting to note that *The Guardsman* is the only play that Mr. Nathan mentions as being free from sentimentality.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA
in a *New Form*
at a *saving of 46%*
NOW!

THE whole history of the Encyclopædia Britannica has been a unique record of successful innovations. But never in the years that this great work been published have we been to make such an amazing ouncement as this.

t is nothing less than the pub-tion of the Encyclopædia Bri-nica in a New Form, printed n the famous Cambridge issue es, but at a price that is 46 per t less—by far the lowest price which the large type, large page annica has ever been offered to general public.

hy the price is so low

t of all, we made a striking ovation by binding this issue of Britannica in 16 double volumes ead of 32 single volumes. That change enabled us to save ly 50 per cent of the binding

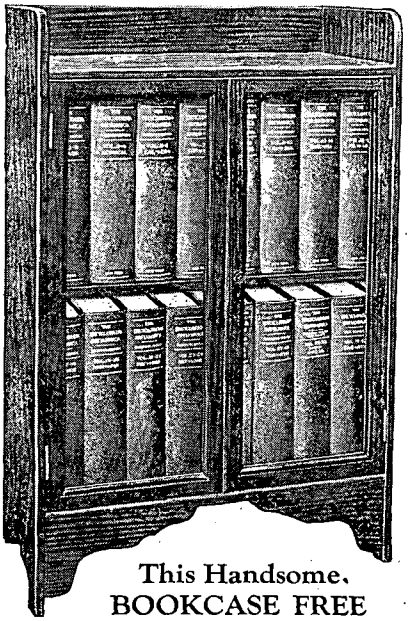
his innovation was made pos-e by the use of the famous annica Opacity Paper, which ery thin but beautifully white opaque. We placed an order 1200 tons — sufficient for 00,000 books of ordinary size— time when prices in the paper market were at their est.

Contents identical with issues selling for twice as much

n it was determined to print this issue from the plates of famous Cambridge issue, which sells for nearly twice as h. By doing this we saved thousands of dollars, be-e we did not have to reset 33,000 pages of type.

he use of these plates is your guarantee that the text is tical with that of the finest de luxe sets.

'e have never received so many enthusiastic letters subscribers as in the last few weeks. "I would rather the Britannica in the New Form than a former issue which I paid nearly twice as much," writes one man. e most beautiful set of books in my library," writes her. And many, many other letters proclaim the nnica in this New Form as "the greatest publishing vement of the century."



This Handsome BOOKCASE FREE

This handsome bookcase, in dark mahogany finish, especially designed for us by Maple & Co. of London, will be given FREE with each set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica in the New Form as long as this special offer lasts.

The Encyclopædia Britannica in the New Form is the newest and latest issue, containing not only a full and authoritative account of the World War, but all the latest developments in industry, art, science, invention, etc. It contains 49,000,000 words, 33,000 pages and 15,600 illustrations.

Only a limited edition at this 46% saving

Only 20,000 sets of the Encyclopædia Britannica in the New Form have been printed and more than 4500 of these have already been sold. Hardly more than half of the remaining 15,500 sets will be available for the United States.

Seize this opportunity before it is too late. Before you turn the page sign the attached coupon and we will send you full particulars of this wonderful offer by return mail.

Easy terms—small first payment

A very small first payment will put the complete set of 16 double volumes in your home immediately and you can pay the balance in easy monthly payments.

Write for Free Booklet

It tells all about the Encyclopædia Britannica in the New Form, reproduces a number of specimen pages (many in color), explains the easy terms of payment, and tells the fascinating story of how our experts made possible such an amazing reduction in price.

Mail the coupon today!

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, INC.
342 Madison Avenue, New York LA 2-B

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your 56-page book describing the Encyclopædia Britannica in the New Form at the special 46 per cent saving and full details of your easy plan of payment.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUNSTER HOUSE has the honour to announce that it will publish about December first

LUCIFER

OR THE HEAVENLY TRUCE

A THEOLOGICAL TRAGEDY

BY

GEORGE SANTAYANA

THIS volume was first published about twenty-five years ago, and is now issued after revision by the author, with a new and brilliant introductory essay. Mr. Santayana's high rank as a philosopher and as a poet is well known to all who are interested in poetry or philosophy. In this book he has beautifully expressed his philosophical ideas in the medium of a dramatic poem.

To issue Lucifer in a form suitable to its great merit, it is to be printed in black, red, and blue, on the finest hand-made paper, with initial letters, ornamental head-bands and end-papers especially designed by Mr. Pierre la Rose. No effort will be spared to make it a splendid book.

CIRCULARS GIVING FULL DESCRIPTION WILL BE SENT IF REQUESTED

DUNSTER HOUSE BOOKSHOP

26 HOLYOKE STREET & MT. AUBURN

Cambridge, Mass.

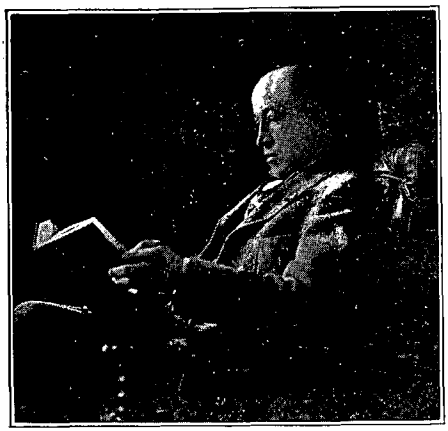
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sense of Immortality

The Freedom of the Slave of God

by Philip Cabot

In this little book Mr. Cabot gives expression to what is now the fundamental conviction of his life, forced upon him through dangerous personal experience. Seldom has the belief in immortality been more cogently set forth; seldom have words been compelled to carry such depth of meaning. In a day of religious indifference, Mr. Cabot is a new prophet, his lips touched with coals from the divine altar, his whole heart aflame with his message. Such faith will not only bring deeper satisfaction to those who already believe; it must carry unusual weight and suggestion to the hesitant who are still debating the question of life after death.



Paper binding, 50 cents; cloth binding, $1.00

Uniform with Mr. Cabot's volume

Metempsychosis

By George Foot Moore. $1.00 a copy

Pagan Ideas of Immortality During the Early Roman Empire

By Clifford Herschel Moore. $1.00 a copy

Living Again

By Charles Reynolds Brown. $1.00 a copy

Immortality and Theism

By William Wallace Fenn. $1.00 a copy

Immortality and the Modern Mind

By Kirsopp Lake. $1.00 a copy

The Christian Faith and Eternal Life

By George Edwin Horr. $1.00 a copy

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

31 Randall Hall, Harvard University

Cambridge, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Problems of pronunciation and the personality of frogs;

Popular myths and candidates for the Ignoble Prize;

The progress of the Fano, of the Faerie Queen, and of the Asolo Club, discussion of a dozen new books;

Anecdotes of Thackeray, the varying conceptions of Christ held by Compton Mackenzie, by Dr. Frank Crane, and by Paul Elmer More;

Those healthy drafts in the theatre, the rise of dramatic associations, the location of odd and interesting places;

This is a partial list of subjects.

From the sound, a whole book seems needed to cover them.

But they are all in "As I Like It" by William Lyon Phelps in the October number of Scribner's Magazine.

D.L.P. in the Portland Oregonian refers to him as "The stalwart apostle of sanity and good judgment, who is known as Billy Phelps by his loving protégés at Yale."

A few minutes with Dr. Phelps means hours of pleasure during each month.

* * *

Big business is popularly regarded as an ogre.

American architecture is considered ugly.

Royal Cortissoz points to the beauty of the new American architecture, and what big business has done for it.

This is in "The Field of Art" in the October number of Scribner's Magazine.

Mr. Cortissoz's pages are always an original and vigorous commentary on current phases of all the arts.

He talks of furniture and buildings, as easily as he talks of pictures and artists.

* * *

But these two features are uniformly good and if the October Scribner's Magazine had only those, it would be just the usual good number of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

But —

There is "Radicalism in the United States" by Edwin W. Hullinger; "Predicting Earthquakes" by Thomas A. Jaggar; and "Child Labor as a National Problem" by Ernest J. Eberling.

There is Galsworthy's novel "The White Monkey."

There are other stories, and other essays, and poems.

* * *

There you have the October Scribner's Magazine which is more than the usual good Scribner's Magazine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED